MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN®

THE DEATH OF JEAN DEWOLFF

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THE ALL NEW, ALL DARING PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™

SOMEONE HAS *KILLED* A WOMAN WHO MEANT A LOT TO ME!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER, YOU GOT *HER*...

...NOW I'M GETTING *YOU!*

R. BUCKLER '85

THE SHOCK OF THE YEAR!

IN THIS ISSUE:

SPIDEY CUTS LOOSE!

"MY FATHER, THE MACHO POLICE INSPECTOR, NEVER FORGAVE MY MOTHER FOR SPAWNING A GIRL. THEY SPLIT FOR GOOD WHEN I WAS SIX MONTHS OLD."

"THE COURTS, SOLOMON-LIKE, SPLIT CUSTODY AS WELL. DAD GOT MY BIG BROTHER, BRIAN. MOM GOT ME."

"MOM WAS THRILLED. SHE HAD SWORN OFF MEN IN GENERAL AND COPS IN PARTICULAR."

"HER RESOLVE LASTED FOUR YEARS BEFORE SHE UPPED AND MARRIED PATROLMAN CARL WEATHERBY. MOM BECAME CELIA WEATHERBY, DROPPING HER OLD MARRIED NAME."

"I REMAINED DeWOLFF. JEAN DeWOLFF."

"I ADORED MY STEP-DAD, AND THE FEELING WAS MUTUAL. CARL LOVED BEING A COP. AND HE MADE ME LOVE IT, TOO."

"OF COURSE, HE NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT MOM'S LONG NIGHTS WHILE HE WAS OUT KEEPING THE CITY SAFE."

"I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE MANAGED TO LIVE WITH IT. JUMPING WHEN THE PHONE RANG. SHRINKING FROM A KNOCK AT THE DOOR."

"WAITING TO HEAR HER HUSBAND WAS DEAD."

"NO, I JUST HEARD ABOUT THE EXCITEMENT, THE BLUE KNIGHT IN ARMOR. AND WHEN I STARTED WEARING A LITTLE BADGE HE BROUGHT ME HOME, I THOUGHT MOM WOULD SHOOT HIM HERSELF."

"BUT WE ALL KNEW IT WAS INEVITABLE. AFTER ALL, MY VERY GENDER HAD LOST ME ANY APPROVAL FROM MY NATURAL FATHER. GETTING MY STEP-DAD'S APPROVAL WAS EVERYTHING TO ME NOW."

"DEEP DOWN, I SUPPOSE, I WANTED TO BE DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL."

"THE DAY I GRADUATED THE ACADEMY AND EARNED MY SHIELD, CARL DIDN'T CRACK A SMILE. YET I COULD TELL HE WAS FLYING, AS WAS I. MOM, NATURALLY, CRIED IN THE BATHROOM FOR TWO DAYS."

"DAD... CARL... KEPT PUSHING. AND I, CRAVING HIS APPROVAL, PUSHED JUST AS HARD."

"I SHOT THROUGH THE RANKS. I HAD A TRUNKFUL OF COMMENDATIONS WHEN I GOT MY CAPTAINCY."

"HE WAS STILL A SERGEANT. I THOUGHT HE'D HAVE A STROKE."

"INSTEAD, WHEN I TOLD HIM, HE STILL DIDN'T CRACK A SMILE. HE JUST NODDED. BUT I KNEW HE WAS PROUD. AND I ALSO KNEW THEN WHY HE DIDN'T SMILE MUCH AT MY ACHIEVEMENTS."

"HE WANTS ME TO BE THE FIRST WOMAN POLICE COMMISSIONER. AND HE KNOWS THE ONLY WAY TO GET THERE IS IF YOU'RE TOTALLY DRIVEN. SO HE'S WITHHOLDING THE SMILE UNTIL THAT DAY."

"I'LL GET THAT SMILE OUT OF HIM YET."

"WHAT'S THAT POUNDING? AT THE DOOR? IN MY HEAD?"

THUMP THUMP!

"I WONDER WHY I FEEL SO RELAXED?"

KRAK!

"AND I WONDER... WHY WAS I THINKING OF MY LIFE JUST NOW?"

=URK!= THAT STENCH! THAT'S WHAT I WAS SMELLING. IT'S WHY I CALLED. WHAT...?

SHUT UP. GET BACK IN THE HALL.

CAPTAIN? CAPTAIN DEWOLFF?

AW NO.

RUSS! IN HERE. IT'S CAPTAIN DEWOLFF.

I THINK.

CALL IT IN. AND HAVE 'EM SEND PEOPLE WITH STRONG STOMACHS.

STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!®

THE DEATH OF JEAN DEWOLFF PART ONE:

"ORIGINAL SIN"

WELL WELL WELL...

FOR ONCE MAY PARKER'S NEPHEW CAN'T LOSE.

AT BEST, THE BUGLE'LL PAY NICELY FOR SOME SHOTS OF A REAL LOOKER TO BRIGHTEN THE FRONT PAGE.

CLICK!

AT WORST, I'LL HAVE A NICE DECORATION FOR MY DARKROOM.

INCREDIBLE. IT'S 40 DEGREES AND SHE'S DRESSED LIKE A BEACH BUNNY.

GUESS YOU DON'T HAVE TO WEAR A BLACK SPIDEY COSTUME TO BE SHY A FEW CARDS IN YOUR DECK.

SAY...THAT'S THE NEW GUY LIVING IN AUNT MAY'S BOARDING HOME. WHAT WAS HIS NAME...RIGHT!

RECORD GIFTS

MR. POPCHIK!

WHO...OH! YOU'RE... PAUL, IS IT?

PETER, ACTUALLY.

YES, YES. MAY'S NEPHEW.

SO WHAT'RE YOU DOING THIS FAR FROM QUEENS?

WHEN YOU GET OLD, YOU SHOULD GET TIRED OF THE CITY?

I ALWAYS CASH MY SOCIAL SECURITY CHECK AND THEN SHOP IN THE CITY. BUY BOOKS. BETTER THAN LOSING IT IN ONE OF NATHAN'S CARD GAMES, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

HEY, IT'S YOUR MONEY, MR. P.

FRIENDLY WARNING, THOUGH. DON'T FLASH THAT WAD AROUND.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO MIGHT WANT TO ... TO ...

MR. POPCHIK?

WHOOOPH!

MR. POPCHIK?

UNGHH!

P-P-PLEASE...

FRIEND'S COMING. LET'S MOVE. DOWN ALLEY. OVER FENCE.

MR. POPCHIK-- NO!!

YOU ANIMALS!

LET'S GO, BEFORE WE GET STAINS FROM JUNIOR'S BLEEDING HEART.

PLEASE. NO M- MORE ...

TA-TAKE THE MONEY. DON'T H-HURT...

STOP HIM! HE BEAT UP THAT OLD MAN!

DON'T BE AN IDIOT. CALL AN AMBU- LANCE!

I'M GOING... FOR HELP.

YOU'RE CALLING THE COPS?

NOT EXACTLY.

DID'JA HEAR THE OLD MAN GRUNT, HUH? I LOVE WHEN THE OLD ONES GRUNT.

YEAH.

I DUNNO. IT'S LIKE KISSING YOUR SISTER...

...IT DON'T MEAN NOTHIN' IF IT'S SO EASY.

REALLY? YOU'RE IN LUCK.

IT JUST GOT HARDER!

S'MATTER? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE TICKLED TO TAKE ON SOMEONE WHO CAN FIGHT BACK!

HE...HE MOVES LIKE HE'S ON STRINGS! WHATTA-WE DO?

IS *THAT* ALL? TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO...

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE FREE SHOT AT ME. I WON'T BUDGE AN INCH. JUST TO BE SPORTING.

SNIKT!

NOW WE'RE TALKING.

HEY! YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T MOVE!

I LIED.

BWAM!

DON'T YOU READ THE *DAILY BUGLE*? IF YOU *CAN* READ, THAT IS?

IT'S RIGHT THERE, ABOUT HOW UNTRUSTWORTHY I AM. I'M AS BIG A MENACE AS YOU GUYS.

HOW ABOUT THAT? THEY FELL ASLEEP ON ME.

THAT JUST LEAVES THEIR FRIEND, THE ONE WHO LIKES IT WHEN OLD MEN GRUNT.

=GASP! GASP!=

=WHEEZE!=

=GASP!=

HI THERE! SNUFF ANY CRIPPLES TODAY?

YEEP!

ALL RIGHT! I GIVE UP! YOU GOT ME. JUST ... JUST UNCLENCH YOUR FIST, OKAY?

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I *REALLY* WANT TO CLEAN YOUR CLOCK FOR YOU. AND MY ANALYST SAID NOT TO REPRESS FRUSTRATION.

BUT ... BUT I'M *SURRENDERING*. YOU *CAN'T* HIT ME. YOU WOULDN'T DARE!

OH, I WAS *HOPING* YOU'D SAY THAT.

POW

RADIO THE BACK-UP UNIT. I THINK WE FOUND THE THIRD PERPETRATOR.

WE APOLOGIZE FOR OUR APPEARANCE DUE TO CONSTRUCTION!

SPLACHUNK!

UH-OH. IT'S SPIDER-MAN. LET'S TAKE THIS SLOW, SARGE.

AT EASE, SANDY. I HAVE A FEELING THE WEB-SLINGER'S THE ONE WHO PUT OUT THE GARBAGE FOR US.

NO M-MORE...

MOMENTS LATER...

I WANT HIM ARRESTED! HE USED EXCESSIVE FORCE, AND HARMED ME GRIEVOUSLY, AND OTHER STUFF.

MOI!?

GEE, BAD BREAK. NO WITNESSES.

THAT'S LIFE IN THE BIG CITY, I GUESS.

SPIDER-MAN, DON'T RUN OFF! YOU'LL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE VICTIM ...

WE'VE ROUNDED UP THE OTHER TWO. THE VICTIM'S ON HIS WAY TO THE HOSPITAL TO CHECK FOR CONCUSSION, BUT HE LOOKS TO BE OKAY.

BY THE WAY, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT JEAN DEWOLFF?

IS THIS THE JOKE ABOUT JEAN AND THE MIAMI DOLPHINS? YEAH, I...

SHE'S DEAD. SOMEONE BLEW HER AWAY.

WHAT? YOU'RE KIDDING.

SHE'S REALLY *DEAD*? BUT... I JUST SAW HER THE OTHER DAY...

OH, CRUD.

WHO DID IT?

DON'T KNOW YET. WHO *EVER* DOES THIS KIND OF STUFF? SOME GODLESS SICKO.

FATHER?

FATHER--?

YES, MY SON? YOU SEEM TROUBLED.

FATHER, I'D LIKE TO TAKE CONFESSION.

CERTAINLY, MY SON. THE CONFESSIONAL IS OVER THIS WAY.

AND PRESENTLY, WITHIN THE CONFINES OF THE CONFESSIONAL BOOTH, OBSCURED FROM THE PRIEST BY A SCREEN...

BLESS ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED. IT HAS BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION.

IN THAT TIME I HAVE COMMITTED...

COLD BLOODED MURDER, ROBBIE.

NO MATTER HOW LONG I PUBLISH THE BUGLE, I'LL NEVER GET USED TO HEADLINES LIKE THIS.

IT'S NOT EASY FOR US EDITORS EITHER, JONAH.

A FINE OFFICER LIKE JEAN DeWOLFF, MURDERED IN HER BED.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T LIKE HER. THE CHARM OF AN ICE CUBE TRAY, YOU SAID.

FOR PITY'S SAKE, ROBBIE, I DIDN'T LIKE *JFK* EITHER. THAT DOESN'T MEAN SOMEONE I DON'T LIKE DESERVES TO GET KILLED.

WHAT ABOUT SPIDER-MAN? WHAT IF *HE* WERE KILLED, FIGHTING THOSE CRIMINALS YOU ALWAYS CLAIM HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH?

YOU'RE BEING BLASTED MORBID, ROBBIE.

IT'S A MORBID NEWSDAY, JONAH. WELL?

WELL...HITLER DESERVED TO DIE...

AND SO DO ASSASSINS AND COP KILLERS. SCUM LIKE THAT. WHATEVER ELSE HE IS, SPIDER-MAN IS *NOT* ONE OF THOSE.

WHY JONAH, THAT'S THE NICEST THING YOU'VE EVER SAID ABOUT SPIDER-MAN IN YOUR LIFE.

YEAH, BUT DON'T QUOTE ME.

MR. ROBERTSON? AH... SORRY TO BREAK IN. I'M REVEREND JACKSON TOLLIVER.

HELLO, REVEREND. I'M J. JONAH JAMESON, THE BUGLE'S PUBLISHER.

YES. SO, MR. ROBERTSON, I'M SETTING UP A MINISTRY IN NEW YORK AND I WAS HOPING TO GET SOME MENTION IN YOUR PAPER.

TOLLIVER...WEREN'T YOU MENTIONED PROMINENTLY IN THE ATLANTA SLAYINGS SEVERAL YEARS AGO?

WHY, I'M SURPRISED, SIR, THAT A WHITE MAN WOULD CARE SO ABOUT THE SLAYINGS OF YOUNG BLACK CHILDREN.

WHY, REVEREND TOLLIVER... ARE YOU A RACIST?

MY APOL-OGIES, SIR.

I'VE LIVED THROUGH SOME RATHER RARIFIED TIMES, AND PERHAPS I HAVE A HABIT OF GOING INTO ANY SITUATION WITH A CHIP ON MY SHOULDER.

AN UN-FORTUNATE TENDENCY, INDEED...

FOR A MAN OF GOD.

EARLY EVENING...

POLICE DEPT.

ANYBODY SEE CHRIS AND MARY BETH? THEY'RE ON COFFEE CLEAN-UP THIS WEEK.

Coca Cola

THEY'RE NOT OUT HERE.

HI. I'D LIKE TO TALK TO WHOEVER IS IN CHARGE OF THE JEAN DeWOLFF KILLING.

THAT'S SERGEANT STAN CARTER, BUT HE JUST WENT OFF SHIFT.

HE DRIVES A RED CAPRICE CLASSIC-- IF YOU HURRY YOU CAN STILL CATCH HIM.

MUCH OBLIGED.

WOW, HE SOUNDED BARELY HOSTILE. MAYBE THEY WANT ALL THE HELP ON POOR JEAN'S MURDER THEY CAN GET.

AH, THERE WE GO. THAT LOOKS LIKELY.

I'LL TRY NOT TO STARTLE HIM. WOULDN'T WANT AN ACCIDENT ON MY CONSCIENCE.

HI THERE! YOU DETECTIVE CARTER?

WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

YOU PLANNING ON STAYING UP THERE? OR MAYBE YOU'RE JUST ANSWERING MY AD FOR A HOOD ORNAMENT? EITHER WAY, CHATTING WITH COPS ISN'T YOUR USUAL STYLE.

TO TUNNEL

I KNOW. BUT I WANTED TO TALK ABOUT THE JEAN DEWOLFF KILLING.

WHY? YOU DO IT?

YOU ASK A LOT OF QUESTIONS.

HOW ELSE DO I GET ANSWERS, KIDDO?

SO WHAT, YOU WANT AN ENGRAVED INVITATION? GET IN ALREADY.

NO PARKING ZONE

HONK! HONK!

SMELLS GOOD... COFFEE?

HOT COCOA. WANT SOME?

SURE.

TOO BAD. THIS IS ALL I'VE GOT. SO... YOU WANNA PLAY DETECTIVE?

NOT ME. I CAN'T EVEN HANDLE COLONEL MUSTARD IN THE PARLOR WITH THE CANDLESTICK. BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED.

ABRUPTLY. JEAN WAS SHOT IN THE UPPER RIGHT CHEST WITH A DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOTGUN. FIRED AT CLOSE RANGE. TOOK OUT MOST OF HER TORSO.

THE CLOSENESS COMBINED WITH A NEIGHBOR'S NOISY STEREO SERVED TO STIFLE THE NOISE CONSIDERABLY.

AND HERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD--HER BADGE WAS MISSING.

NO PARKING 8 to 6 pm NON-RESIDENTS

14

ANY SUSPECTS?

ABOUT TEN MILLION, COUNTING YOU. AND ME.

DETOUR SOUTH STREET

YOU STILL THINK I DID IT?

A GOOD COP EYES EVERYONE WITH SUSPICION. EVEN NORMAL CITIZENS SUCH AS YOURSELF.

OOOO-KAY. ONE POINT FOR YOU.

ACTUALLY, COSTUMED FOLKS LIKE YOU DON'T CONCERN ME ALL THAT MUCH. *OBVIOUS* NUTS I DON'T WORRY ABOUT.

PETE'S PALACE

CAFE

IT'S THE QUIET, UNOBVIOUS NUTS THAT YOU HAVE TO WATCH.

YOU'RE RIGHT. ON THE NEWS NEIGHBORS ALWAYS SAY, "HE WAS SO *NICE*. I CAN'T BELIEVE HE CHOPPED THOSE GIRL SCOUTS INTO COOKIES."

YOU KNOW, THAT COCOA SMELLS *REAL* GOOD.

MINUTES LATER...

WHY WERE YOU GIVEN THIS CASE, STAN?

THE WHOLE FORCE WAS GIVEN THE CASE. I'M JUST THE COORDINATOR. BUT WE ALL HAVE A STAKE IN THIS.

WE LIKED JEAN AND, THOUGH SHE TRIED NOT TO SHOW IT, SHE LIKED US. SHE RARELY SMILED, YOU KNOW.

A SHAME, A WOMAN THAT STRIKING NEVER SMILING. SHE EVEN LIKED YOU, WEB-SLINGER, WHICH IS PARTLY WHY I'M TALKING WITH YOU. SHE SPOKE VERY HIGHLY OF YOU.

REALLY? YOU KNOW... THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING ABOUT HER THAT...

OH HECK. I SUPPOSE IT'S WHY I'M HERE. YOU SEE...

I LIKED HER TOO.

NIGHT PASSES INTO EARLY MORNING.

MORNING BRINGS A GLORIOUS SUN THAT THIS MAN WILL NOT SEE.

THIS IS MATT MURDOCK, A MAN OF MANY FACES.

ONE OF THOSE FACES IS THE RED-MASKED VISAGE OF DAREDEVIL.

AN ACCIDENT IN HIS 'TEENS GAVE HIM MAGNIFIED SENSES AND A BUILT-IN RADAR SENSE.

IT ALSO ROBBED HIM OF HIS SIGHT.

TZIPP!

YOU COULDN'T TELL.

I'D BETTER STOP FOOLING AROUND AND GET A MOVE ON.

OTHERWISE I COULD MISS MY LIFT DOWNTOWN. AND I'LL NEED TIME TO REVIEW MY CLIENTS' CASE.

HEY! THERE'S DAREDEVIL! THE ONE THEY CALL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

MAN WITHOUT BRAINS IS MORE LIKE IT. WHAT A NUT!

"MAN WITHOUT FEAR." WHAT A LAUGH.

IF I COULD SEE WHAT I'M DOING...

I'D BE SCARED STIFF.

WMJ

UH OH. I DON'T NEED HYPER-SENSITIVE HEARING TO KNOW...

WMJ

THAT THE *WMJD* TRAFFIC COPTER IS TAKING OFF ALREADY.

CHUF CHUF CHUF CHU

I'VE GOT TO START GETTING UP EARLIER.

WELL I'M *NOT* GOING TO MISS MY LIFT. NOT WHILE I'VE GOT MY BILLY CLUB...

FURNITU WAREHO

NEWSTA

CHUF CHUF CHUF CHUF

SNAGGED IT! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RE-TRACT MY CABLE, AND HOPE I GO UP INSTEAD OF THE 'COPTER COMING DOWN.

SECONDS LATER...

WELL...

...IT BEATS THE SUBWAY. AFTER ALL...

WITH THOSE MUGGERS AND DERAILINGS AND FIRES, THE SUBWAY'S A GOOD PLACE TO GET KILLED.

CBS

A MAN OF MANY FACES...

THIS IS ANOTHER FACE OF MATT MURDOCK, ON VIEW SOMETIME LATER AT MANHATTAN CRIMINAL COURTS.

AS AN ATTORNEY, MATT OCCASIONALLY DONATES HIS TIME TO HELPING OUT THE OVERWORKED PUBLIC DEFENDERS OFFICE.

SUCH WORK IS CALLED PRO BONO PUBLICA ... "FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD." BUT THERE ARE SOME IN THE AUDIENCE THIS DAY WHO WOULD ARGUE...

... THAT THE PUBLIC'S GOOD IS NOT ABOUT TO BE SERVED.

NO, YOUR HONOR. I FEEL $500 BAIL FOR EACH OF MY CLIENTS IS EXCESSIVE.

I REMIND YOU THIS IS MY CLIENTS' FIRST OFFENSE...

FIRST TIME THEY WERE CAUGHT, HE MEANS.

AND THEY ARE INDIGENT. ANY BAIL AMOUNT GUARANTEES JAIL TIME FOR THREE YOUNG MEN WITH SPOTLESS RECORDS.

COUNSELOR, YOU SEEM TO THINK YOU'RE REPRESENTING THREE APOSTLES.

I'M NOT REQUESTING CANONIZATION, YOUR HONOR...

...MERELY AN ASSUMPTION OF INNOCENCE.

THANK YOU, COUNSELORS. DEFENDANTS ARE RELEASED ON THEIR OWN RECOGNISANCE.

COUNSELOR, INSTRUCT YOUR CLIENTS TO RESTRAIN THEMSELVES...

...AND REMIND THEM THAT FAILURE TO SHOW UP FOR THEIR COURT DATE WILL RESULT IN EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT PENALTIES.

ONE HOUR RELEASE FOR LUNCH.

SEE? I TOLD'JA IF WE STUCK TOGETHER WITH ONE LAWYER WE'D DO GOOD.

THAT--THAT'S *IT?* BUT I DIDN'T SAY HOW THEY KNOCKED ME DOWN. HOW...

IT'S AN ARRAIGNMENT, ERNIE. NOT THE TRIAL.

INCREDIBLE. MATT MURDOCK, HOT-SHOT LAWYER, HELPING SCUM LIKE THAT GO FREE.

SEE YA IN THE FUNNY PAPERS, POPS.

STING

AND DON'T STAY OUT LATE.

YOU DON'T COME WITHIN A MILE OF HIM, GOT THAT?

MURDOCK! STAY RIGHT THERE!

IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU WHO KEEP THINGS SAFE FOR SLIME. HOW CAN YOU FACE YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR EACH MORNING?

THAT HEARTBEAT... VOICE... IT'S *SPIDER-MAN.* BUT HE MUST BE IN HIS CIVVIES.

IT'S A CHALLENGE.

PETER PARKER! SHAME ON YOU!

OH. THE BLIND THING. UH...

SORRY.

THE IDEA--!

OKAY! I APOLOGIZED, DIDN'T I? ALTHOUGH, FRANKLY...

I THINK MURDOCK SHOULD BE DOING THE APOLOGIZING.

YOU KNOW, HORACE, BACK IN COLLEGE YOU IMPRESSED ON STUDENTS LIKE ME THAT EVERYONE HAD TO BE TREATED EQUALLY UNDER THE LAW.

THAT EVERYONE DESERVES THE BEST EFFORTS WE CAN GIVE, DEFENDANT AS WELL AS PLAINTIFF.

AND I BELIEVE THAT. I DO.

SO WHY DO I FEEL LIKE TWENTY POUNDS OF BROIED INNER TUBE?

BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR CURRENT CLIENTS VERY MUCH, MATTHEW. YOU HATE GETTING YOUR HANDS DIRTY.

UNTRUE, HORACE.

TOO TRUE, MATT.

YOU SHOULD BE A PUBLIC DEFENDER FOR A FEW YEARS. IT'D STRENGTHEN YOUR RESOLVE.

GIVE YOU SOME GUTS.

LET ME HAVE A MINUTE TO USE THE LITTLE JUDGE'S ROOM, AND THEN WE'LL GRAB SOME LUNCH.

UH... FINE.

GOOD, HORACE, MAKE A CONVENIENT EXIT...

...SO I CAN CHECK OUT JUST WHO MY RADAR SENSE HAS DETECTED IN YOUR STUDY.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR HORACE, I'D CHANGE TO DD. AS IT IS...

...I MIGHT NOT HAVE THE TIME.

ONE PERSON... BULKY, MALE. HOLDING A LONG, THIN OBJECT...

A SHOTGUN.

HIS PULSE IS RACING WILDLY. PERSPERATION SO THICK... I THINK HE'S ON DRUGS.

WHO'S *THERE*? WHO IS IT?

I AM THE SIN-EATER. AND YOU ARE--?

HIS VOICE--! HIS AURA IS LIKE DECAYING VERMIN.

DON'T HURT ME. I'M BLIND.

THAT'S BAD. ARE YOU A LAWYER?

UH... YES...

WRONG ANSWER HIS PULSE IS GETTING WILDER.

LAWYER, EH? THAT'S WORSE.

BLAM

DEAFENING! AND WITH THE SUN-LIGHT FLOODING IN NOW...

THAT... NOISE...

I'VE LOST MY ADVANTAGE OF DARKNESS.

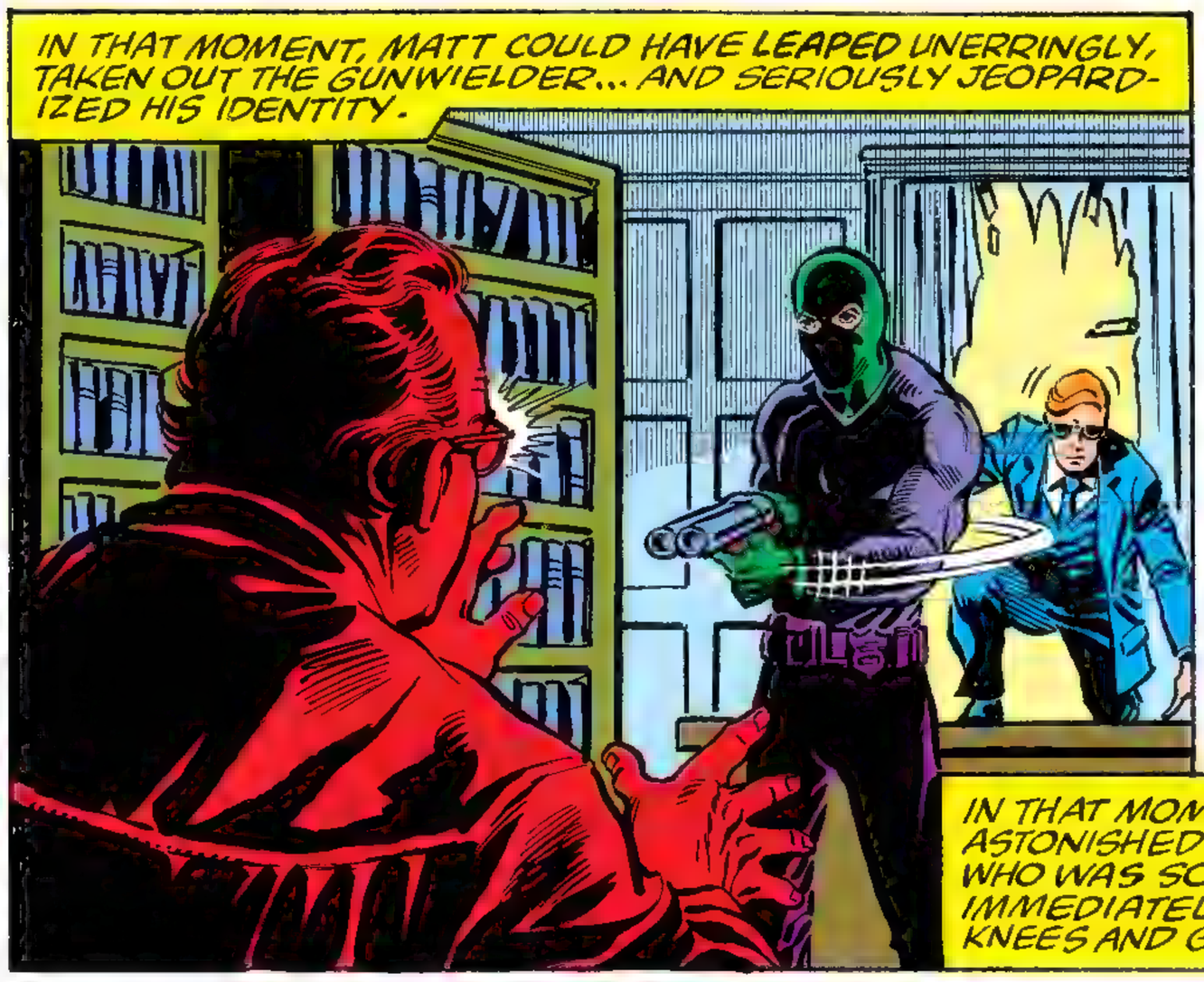
SHELLS DROPPING. HE'S RE-LOADING. OKAY...

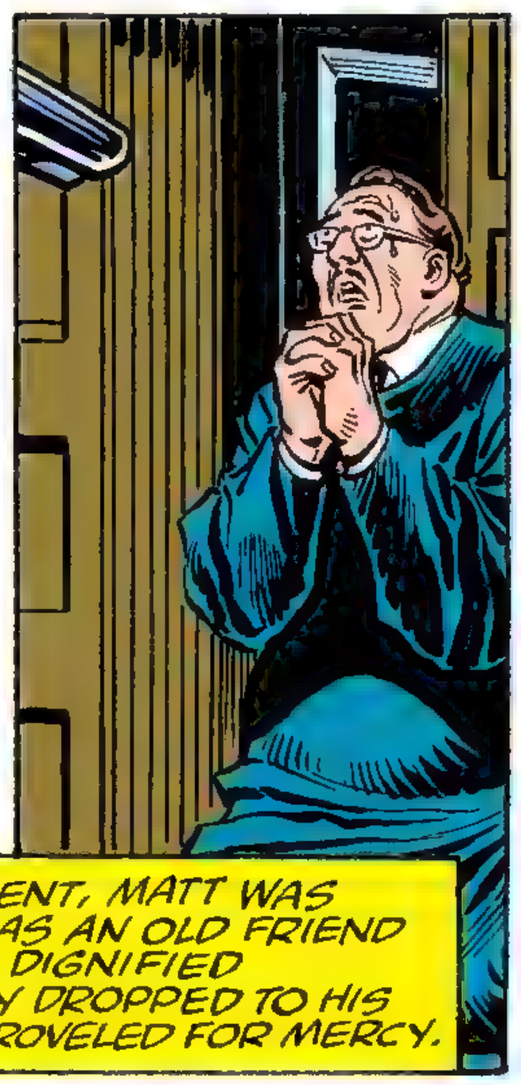
CLAK!

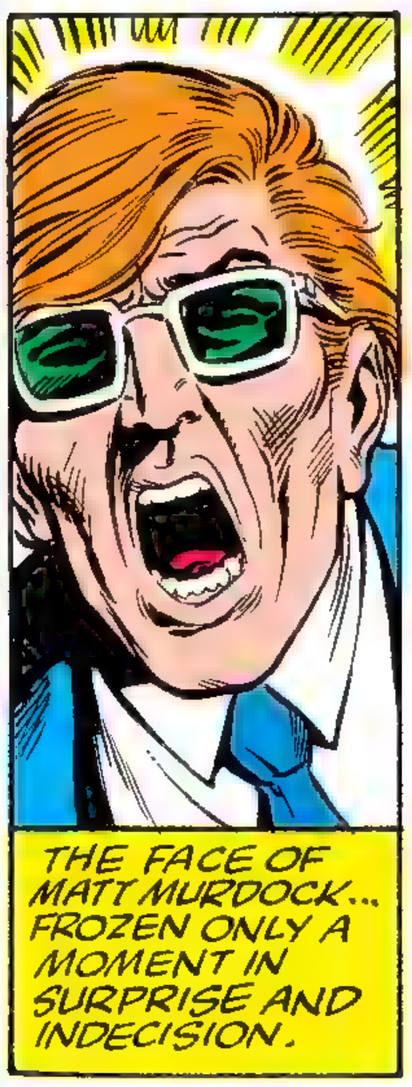
UHHH!

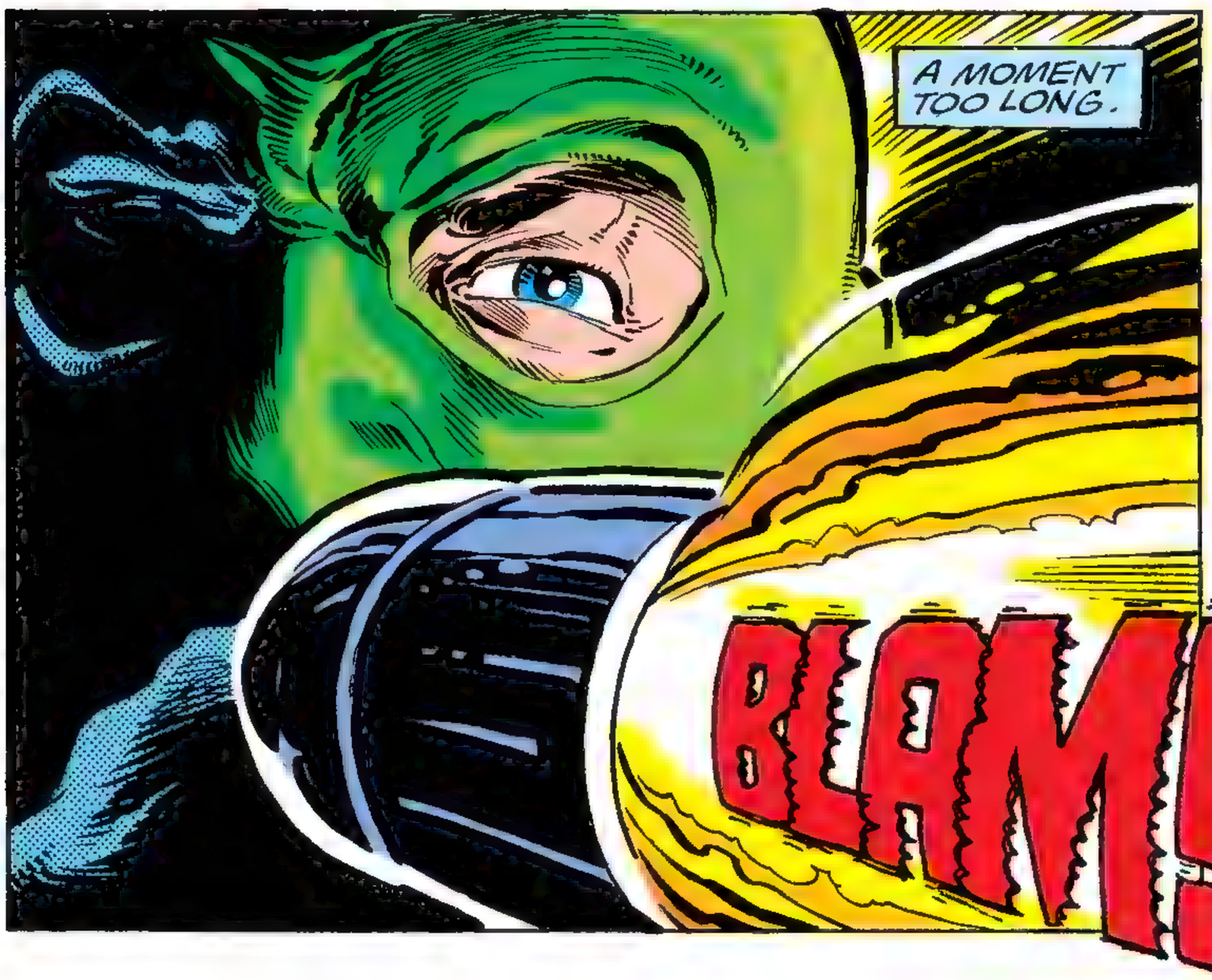
THUMP

I DON'T HAVE DARKNESS, BUT I STILL HAVE SURPRISE!




IN THAT MOMENT, MATT WAS ASTONISHED AS AN OLD FRIEND WHO WAS SO DIGNIFIED IMMEDIATELY DROPPED TO HIS KNEES AND GROVELED FOR MERCY.





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THE ALL NEW, ALL DARING PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™

R. BUCKLER

NO! I MANAGED TO LEAP OVER SIN-EATER'S BLAST--

--BUT NOW HE'S MOWING DOWN THE CROWD!

THIS ISSUE:

SIN-EATER STRIKES!

YOUR HONOR? JUDGE ROSENTHAL, SIR?

I JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU FOR COMING TO LECTURE IN OUR CLASS TODAY.

REALLY? IS THAT ALL? YOU APPEAR TO HAVE A BONE TO PICK.

NO SIR. *YES* SIR. I THINK YOUR DECISION ON THE BERRINGER CASE WAS COMPLETELY WRONG, SIR.

IS THAT A FACT?

THEN WHY WAIT UNTIL CLASS WAS *OVER* TO SAY SO? DON'T ANSWER...

IT'S BECAUSE YOU YOUNG LAW STUDENTS HAVEN'T ENOUGH *GUTS*, *THAT'S* WHY.

AFRAID TO SPEAK YOUR *MIND*. AFRAID TO DO WHAT YOU *HAVE* TO DO--

--WHAT YOU *SHOULD* DO, TO REMAIN *TRUE* TO YOURSELF.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN *YOURSELF*, THEN THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IS *HOLLOW*. *NOTHING* MATTERS EXCEPT WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN.

SO... WHAT WAS MY "ERROR", MR...?

MURDOCK. MATT MURDOCK.

THE DEATH OF JEAN DEWOLFF PART TWO:

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

SIN OF PRIDE

MATT MURDOCK HAD FIRST SAID HELLO TO JUDGE HORACE ROSENTHAL MANY YEARS AGO.

NOW IT WAS TIME TO SAY GOODBYE.

SOMEONE SHOT A JUDGE!
PUBLIC SERVICE IF YA ASK ME.
NOBODY DID, YOU SLIME!
OH YEAH, BIG SHOT? DITCH THE GLASSES AND SAY THAT!
HE'S BLIND, YOU IDIOT!
FIGURES. ONLY WITNESS IS BLIND.
I'LL GET HIM, HORACE. I SWEAR...
I'LL GET HIM!
AND DO WHAT? SLUG 'IM WITH YOUR CANE?
WHOA! SLOW DOWN, MISTER!
MEN'S ROOM. CAN'T WAIT. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS!
THAT MASKED MANIAC, SIN-EATER, WENT OUT THE WINDOW RIGHT AFTER SHOOTING POOR HORACE...
"...BUT HE WON'T GET AWAY. HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT I KNOW... THAT I'M COMING AFTER HIM AS DAREDEVIL
"...AND THAT SPIDER-MAN IS SOMEWHERE IN THE AREA TOO."
LATE EDITION DAILY BUGLE
VIGILANTE STRIKES AGA
IT'S JUST INSANE. I TELL YOU MAY, PETER...
...I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT JUDGE LET THOSE PUNKS WHO MUGGED ME GO WITHOUT BAIL.
THIS IS NO WAY TO TREAT A VETERAN. I WAS WOUNDED FOR MY COUNTRY...
I EVEN STILL HAVE THE GUN I TOOK OFF A GERMAN SOLDIER.
I THINK ONE OF THOSE THREE PUNKS WAS GERMAN.
MAYBE THAT JUDGE WAS A NAZI SYMPATHIZER! YOU THINK MAYBE--?
KATY
JUDGE ROSENTHAL? DOESN'T SOUND LIKELY, MR. P.
IN THAT CASE I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND! I TELL YOU, IF THIS KEEPS UP THE STREETS WON'T BE SAFE ANYMORE.
IRT
3

MOVE IT! MOVE IT!

HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US! RUN!

MY BABY! WHERE'S MY BABY!

WHERE'S THE POLICE?

NO PARKING

CALL 911! CALL 911!

WHO IN THE WORLD IS THAT?!

WHOEVER HE IS, MY SPIDER-SENSE IS GOING CRAZY.

NOT THAT I EXACTLY NEEDED IT!

AUNT MAY! AUNT MAY, WHERE ARE YOU?

PETER! ERNIE, I HAVE TO FIND--

DON'T BE INSANE, MAY! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

IF ONLY I HAD MY GUN!

DO NOT BE AFRAID, YOU WITHOUT SIN, FOR I SHALL NOT CAST THE FIRST STONE.

ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE MISUSED THEIR POWER NEED FEAR THE SIN-EATER'S WRATH!

CAN'T DELAY ANY LONGER. THAT STORE OVER THERE'S DESERTED. SORRY AUNT MAY...

DON'T RUN AWAY, BLAST IT! I'M TALKING TO YOU, YOU JERKS!

SECONDS LATER...

OKAY, PLAYMATE, LET'S RELAX. I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.

IT'S A REAL BUMMER GETTING LOST ON YOUR WAY TO THE SKI SLOPES.

SO WHY DON'T YOU PUT DOWN THE *POP-GUN* BEFORE--

DOWN, SINNER? I'LL PUT IT DOWN!

DOWN YOUR THROAT!

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU-- *CRAZY?!*

HELP US!

OH... NO...

BLAM!

SPIDER-MAN! *HELP US!*

HE WON'T HELP! *HE'S* AS BAD AS THE *OTHER* ONE!

I'VE BEEN *HIT!* *HELP* ME, I'VE BEEN *HIT!*

LET THIS BE ANOTHER NIGHTMARE. LET ME WAKE UP.

AUNT MAY! WHERE IS SHE? I DON'T *SEE* HER.

BUT I DO SEE THAT LUNATIC... AND HE'S *RELOADING!*

THE *DEVIL* HE IS!

YOU! JEAN-CLAUDE KILL-SPREE...

DROP IT, NOW!

THWIP!

I SAID NOW! I'VE *HAD IT* WITH YOU, MAN!

AND *I* HAVE HAD IT WITH *YOU*, SINNER!

ALL OF YOU! ALL *HIGH AND MIGHTY*, CONFIDENT IN YOUR POWERS AND POSITIONS FOR PRO-TECTION!

THWIP!

NO--! THOSE BYSTANDERS GETTING HIT-- FREAKED ME OUT-- REFLEXES ALL GUMMED!

YOU THINK YOU KNOW *EVERY-THING!* BUT YOU KNOW--

--NOTHING!

KRUNCH!

CAN'T GET IT TOGETHER...

WHA-- YOU'RE STILL CONSCIOUS?

YEAH. 'CAUSE I DO KNOW A FEW THINGS...

LIKE HOW TO ROLL WITH PUNCHES--

--AND HOW TO SUCKER YOU INTO LETTING ME IN CLOSE...

SO I CAN DO THIS!

KRUNK!

I LOVE A MOB. THE ONLY THING YOU CAN COUNT ON...

GET HIM, SPIDEY! KILL HIM! DON'T STOP!

GET HIM!

...IS THAT YOU CAN'T COUNT ON THEM.

HAD ENOUGH, SLUGGER? OR DO I HAVE TO BRUISE ANOTHER KN-- WAIT!

NEXT TO THE GAVEL ON YOUR BELT-- A BADGE! YOU--

STAN TOLD ME JEAN'S BADGE WAS MISSING. YOU KILLED JEAN DeWOLFF!

YES. I KILLED HER.

AND A JUDGE.

AND NOW YOU!

WHAM!

UNNNNHH

SIGHT OF THE BADGE--WASN'T *EXPECTING* IT. CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD.

GOTTA PULL MYSELF TOGETHER...

JEAN...

NO! MUSTN'T THINK. JUST... *REACT*...

HE...KEEPS COMING... JUST NEED... A *SECOND*...

THAT TASTE IN... MY MOUTH...

BLEEDING, SINNER?

THE *SIN-EATER* HAS BROUGHT BLOOD TO ANOTHER SINNER. *PRAISE* THE LORD!

YOU THINK MY JOB'S *EASY*? BEING RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SINNERS?

IT'S *NOT*!

MY JOB IS IM-POSSIBLE! NEVER-END-ING!

NO. YOUR JOB IS FIN-ISHED. NOW!

WHAM!

AND SO ARE YOU!

HE'S GETTING UP AGAIN! HOW STRONG IS THIS GUY?

WAIT! OVER THERE IN THE CROWD...

AUNT MAY! WAS SHE HIT, OR...

HOLD IT, HAIRBALL! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

ME? I ABSORB THE WORLD'S SINS, CRETIN. I'M GOING TO HADES!

I'LL SEE YOU THERE!

OHHHH NO YOU DON'T. NOT WHILE I'VE GOT MY WEBS--

NO WEBS. SWELL!

HE MUST HAVE TRASHED MY SHOOTERS WITH THAT GUN!

NOW WHAT? I COULD GO AFTER HIM, SAVE FUTURE POSSIBLE VICTIMS.

BUT AUNT MAY MIGHT BE HURT, DYING! I CAN'T FAIL HER, LIKE I DID UNCLE BEN...

CALLAHAN'S

I HAVE TO STOP HIM. WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO I HAVE? BUT AUNT MAY...

WAIT! I DO HAVE ANOTHER CHOICE. IF I CAN TAG HIM WITH A SPIDER-TRACER...

PLEASE, LET JUST ONE THING GO RIGHT! PLEASE!

HMMM?

NO WAY, SINNER! NO WAY!

MOMENTS LATER...

ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MAY?

STOP FUSSING OVER ME, ERNIE! HONESTLY! A FEW FRIGHTENED SOULS KNOCKED ME DOWN, IS ALL!

THE ONE I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS PETER. WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?

AUNT MAY! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE OKAY!

I SAW YOU ON THE GROUND, AND I THOUGHT--

THOUGHT? YOU DIDN'T THINK. IF YOU HAD YOU'D NEVER HAVE LEFT YOUR AUNT'S SIDE!

HUSH ERNIE! IT'S NOT HIS FAULT!

MEANTIME, NEARBY...

THE COURTS BUILDING WAS A *MADHOUSE*. I THOUGHT I'D *NEVER* FIND SOMEPLACE TO CHANGE.

EXCEPT... *NOW* WHAT?

YOU'RE *TOO LATE*, DAREDEVIL. YOU MISSED THE WHOLE THING.

NO! SPIDER-MAN MUST HAVE TRIED TO STOP HIM-- AND *FAILED!*

BUT AT LEAST HE WAS HERE TO *TRY*.

I WAS TOO BUSY PROTECTING MY PRECIOUS IDENTITY. SO WHILE I WAS LOOKING FOR AN EMPTY ROOM TO *CHANGE* IN--

--SIN-EATER GOT CLEAN AWAY.

IF ONLY I COULD PICK UP ON THAT ERRATIC *HEARTBEAT* OF HIS. BUT THERE'S TOO MUCH NOISE AND CONFUSION.

NOT EVEN *MY* HYPERSENSES CAN CUT THROUGH IT ALL.

COP SHOT
$10,000 REWARD
OFFERED BY THE DAILY BUGLE

THIS IS ONE TIME I'D *KILL* TO BE SIGHTED. I DON'T KNOW WHAT SIN-EATER LOOKS LIKE.

"HE COULD BE A BLOCK AWAY WATCHING ME, AND I WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW."

NEXT DAY...

STAN, WE GOTTA TALK!

PIPE DOWN!

NO, NOT YOU. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS BALLISTICS REPORT TOO LONG TO WANT YOU TO QUIET DOWN.

IT'S DEFINITE, THEN? THE WEAPON THAT KILLED THE JUDGE YESTERDAY WAS THE SAME ONE USED TO KILL JEAN.

FANCY THAT.

THANKS, FRANK. GOTTA GO... SPIDER-MAN'S WAITING TO TALK TO ME.

YEAH, I'M A PISTOL. I KNOW.

I CAN VERIFY THIS "SIN-EATER'S" OUR MAN.

OH, CAN YOU, OFFICER?

YEAH. HE HAD JEAN'S BADGE ON HIS BELT. RIGHT NEXT TO THE JUDGE'S GAVEL. YOU MENTIONED IN THE CAR THE OTHER NIGHT THAT JEAN'S SHIELD WAS MISSING FROM HER APARTMENT. *

SHIELD, HUH? PICKING UP OUR LINGO, ARE YOU?

PICK UP A BLACK EYE UNDER THAT MASK, TOO? WORD IS HE GAVE YOU A REAL TUSSEL.

SPLIT LIP. IT'S FINE NOW. I HEAL FAST.

* LAST ISSUE -- OWZ.

YOU'D *HAVE* TO. SO, DETECTIVE, I'LL JUST HAND THE CASE OVER TO YOU.

HERE. IT'S *YOUR* HEADACHE NOW.

KNOCK IT *OFF*, STAN. YOU KNOW I JUST WANT TO *HELP*.

I KNOW THERE'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN ME AND THE *NYPD*.

BUT WE *ALL* WANT TO NAIL THE CRUD WHO KILLED OUR FAVORITE POLICE CAPTAIN.

AND BESIDES, YOU FEEL LIKE A *SCHMUCK* BECAUSE HE GOT *AWAY* FROM YOU.

YEAH. HE'S KILLED TWO PEOPLE. AND WHEN I HAD A CHANCE TO STOP HIM, I *BLEW* IT.

IF HE KILLS SOME-ONE *ELSE*, IT'LL BE MY FAULT.

STOP CARRYING THE WEIGHT OF THE WORLD. YOU'LL GET STOOPED SHOULDERS.

BESIDES, DON'T TRADE FRUSTRATIONS WITH ME...

MY MAJOR WITNESS TO THE SHOOTING IS *BLIND!* ALTHOUGH I DOUBT THAT SIGHTED HE COULD HAVE TOLD US MUCH MORE.

ALTHOUGH WE *COULD* USE EYEWITNESS TESTIMONY FOR WHEN WE GET THIS "SIN-EATER" TO TRIAL. AND WE WILL.

YOU KNOW WHAT A "SIN-EATER" *IS?*

CAN'T SAY AS I DO.

WELL, IN SOME SUPERSTITIOUS SOCIETIES, LIKE IN THE OZARKS, THEY LEAVE THEIR RECENTLY DECEASED LAID OUT WITH FRUITS OR EDIBLES ON THEIR CHESTS.

EXCEPT *OUR* GUY IS *KILLING* PEOPLE... AND THEN TAKES TOKENS OF HIS VICTIMS' AUTHORITY WITH HIM, SINCE THE ITEMS WOULD BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE "SINS."

THAT'S *SICK.*

AND A MAN COMES WHOSE *ONLY* JOB IN LIFE IS TO EAT THOSE FRUITS, WHICH REPRESENT THE SINS OF THE DECEASED.

ONCE HE EATS THEM, THE DECEASED SOUL IS *CLEANSED,* READY FOR HEAVEN, COURTESY OF THE *SIN-EATER.*

SAY NOW. SOME GUYS HAVE THEIR *WIFE'S* PICTURE ON THEIR DESKS...

...*YOU'VE* GOT *NICK FURY,* THE HEAD OF *SHIELD.*

I WASN'T ALWAYS A SIMPLE *FLATFOOT,* SPIDER-MAN. YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A FORMER AGENT OF *SHIELD.*

BEST WISHES, NICK FURY

A STORY I *MAY* BORE YOU WITH IF YOU DON'T COME TO THE POINT OF YOUR VISIT.

I WANT TO CHECK OUT JEAN'S APARTMENT... THROUGH OFFICIAL CHANNELS, JUST TO PROVE MY SINCERITY.

THOUGH MY SPIDER SENSE DOESN'T *USUALLY* WORK THAT WAY...

STILL, I WANT TO SEE IF I CAN USE IT TO DETECT SOMETHING YOU GUYS *MISSED.*

FORGET IT.

DO YOU *KNOW* HOW MANY DIRTY LOOKS I GET JUST FROM TALKING TO YOU? I HAVE *FEW* ENOUGH FRIENDS ON THE FORCE AS IT IS.

WHAT DOES YOUR *PARTNER* SAY ABOUT ALL THIS?

NOT MUCH. HE WAS KILLED SIX MONTHS AGO.

OH, HEY... I'M SORRY.

ME TOO. I GOT THE PUNKS WHO DID IT, BUT IT WON'T BRING HIM BACK.

LOOK, FELLA, MY AUTHORITY ONLY GOES SO FAR. BESIDES, THE APARTMENT IS SEALED.

OF COURSE, IT'S FUNNY ABOUT SEALS ...

THEY CAN BE *BROKEN.*

I DIDN'T HEAR YOU *SAY* THAT.

YOU KNOW THE *ADDRESS?*

MEANTIME...

YES?

DO YOU WISH TO--?

UHM, YEAH. B-BLESS ME...

BLESS ME FATHER FOR I HAVE *SINNED.*

I...I WAS HERE THE OTHER DAY, FATHER.

I STILL HEAR THE *VOICES,* FATHER... VOICES IN THE NIGHT...

"AND THEY SAY *TERRIBLE* THINGS..."

STAN CARTER'S A REALLY DECENT GUY FOR A COP. THE MOST DECENT SINCE...

SINCE *JEAN*, I GUESS.

THERE WAS ALWAYS SOMETHING ABOUT HER-- AS IF SHE KEPT HERSELF *REINED IN* TOO TIGHT.

HERE'S HER PLACE.

UH BOY.

SHE PUT UP A FIGHT... EITHER THAT OR SIN-EATER SIMPLY *WRECKED* THE PLACE.

OKAY, SPIDEY-SENSE. TINGLE. *BUZZ*. HELP ME FIND SOME SMALL CLUE THE COPS MAY HAVE MISSED.

LIKE SIN-EATER'S *DRIVER'S LICENSE*.

C'MON, ALREADY. IT'S BEEN *TEN MINUTES*. GIVE ME *SOME* HINT THAT THERE'S SOME-THING USEFUL HERE.

FINALLY...

NOTHING. IF THERE'S SOME UNSEEN CLUE, IT'S *STAYING* UNSEEN.

I WAS HOPING FOR ONCE TO GET MY SPIDER-SENSE TO REACT TO SOME-THING OTHER THAN DANGER.

AFTER ALL, IT IS A KIND OF *ESP*. STILL, IT WAS A LONGSHOT AT BEST. THINK I'LL CHECK OUT THE DRESSER DRAWERS.

WONDER WHO THIS COUPLE IS? MUST BE JEAN'S FOLKS.

HERE'S AN ENVELOPE STUFFED TO THE BRIM! WHAT IS...

I...DON'T BELIEVE IT.

THEY'RE ALL OF ME! EVERY LAST ONE!

I HAVEN'T SEEN SO MANY CLIPPINGS SINCE THAT DYING LITTLE BOY'S COLLECTION.

THIS ONE HAD THE CAT AND ME... BUT THE CAT'S CLIPPED OUT.

BUT WHY? WAS SHE DOING SOME SORT OF STUDY ON ME?

NO, SHE WOULD HAVE KEPT THAT AT HER OFFICE.

SHE KEPT THESE BECAUSE SHE LIKED THEM.

BUT...SHE NEVER SAID ANYTHING PARTICULARLY WARM TO ME. HECK, SHE USUALLY CHEWED ME OUT.

IT CAN'T BE. SHE COULDN'T HAVE CARED FOR ME.

WHY DIDN'T SHE EVER SAY ANY-THING IF SHE FELT... AND MAYBE I WOULD HAVE...

WE COULD HAVE...

IT CAN'T BE TRUE. SHE WAS ALWAYS SO COOL, SO ALOOF!

BLAST IT, WHY DID SHE HAVE TO BE THAT WAY?

"WHY?"

YOU MAY WELL ASK *WHY* JEAN DeWOLFF WAS *TAKEN* FROM US IN SUCH AN UNHAPPY AND UNTIMELY MANNER.

I *CANNOT* ANSWER THAT. ONLY OUR *LORD* KNOWS THE REASONS FOR THE HARD-SHIPS THAT PLAGUE US...

AND ALTHOUGH I *MYSELF* NEVER HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF MEETING CAPTAIN DeWOLFF...

...I CAN SEE THAT SHE HAD MANY FRIENDS ON THIS EARTH. I MOURN WITH YOU, MY FRIENDS...

AND BELIEVE, WITH YOU, THAT GOD HAS GATHERED HER UP TO A *HAPPIER* PLACE WHERE SHE WILL KNOW *NO* VIOLENCE.

ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST.

DARLING...

DARLING, I...

DON'T YOU *TOUCH* ME! DON'T YOU *EVER* TOUCH *ME AGAIN!* IT'S YOUR FAULT!

WHO IN...?

JEAN'S FOLKS.

OH.

WHILE, NEARBY...

IT'S ODD...

COFFINS ARE ALWAYS SO SMALL. IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HORACE IS *IN* THERE.

HE'S NOT REALLY. NOT THE HORACE *I* REMEMBER.

BIG. ROBUST. FULL OF LIFE.

FUNNY. HE ALWAYS SAID CIGARS WOULD BE THE DEATH OF HIM. WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT.

THAT OTHER FUNERAL'S BREAKING UP, TOO. WHAT A CHEERFUL D--

WAIT! WHAT AM I PICKING UP?

THE HEARTBEAT IS SLOWER BUT... IT'S *HIM!* I KNOW IT! THE *SIN-EATER!*

I LET YOU DOWN LAST TIME, HORACE, BUT NOT AGAIN. THIS TIME, SECRET OR NO, I'LL GET HIM!

BUT... WHICH ONE IS HE? TOO MANY PEOPLE TO PIN DOWN!

I COULD SHOUT OUT HE'S HERE, BUT HOW CAN I CONVINCE ANYONE?

AND HOW CAN I TESTIFY THAT I RECOGNIZE A HEARTBEAT!? THE D.A. WOULDN'T TOUCH IT! AND...

NERVOUS ABOUT BEING LEFT TO MIND THE STORE *ALONE*, ROBBIE.

I'LL WATCH OUT FOR YOUR PAPER, AND MARLA, JONAH. NO NEED TO WORRY.

WORRY? WITH NED AND I FLYING DOWN TO THE DISTRIBUTOR MEETING IN *FLORIDA* THIS EVENING...

MY MAIN WORRY IS THAT YOU'LL STOW AWAY IN MY LUGGAGE!

NOW *THERE'S* A THOUGHT.

YES, MISS MERCADO, MY TIME IN ATLANTA PROVES THAT POLICE *CANNOT* HANDLE THE *SIMPLEST* OF INVESTIGATIONS. *NOTHING* IS SOLVED UNLESS THE ANSWER IS DROPPED INTO THEIR LAPS.

FURTHERMORE, WHEN THE VICTIMS ARE BLACK, *PARTIC-ULARLY* LOWER INCOME, YOU CAN FORGET ANY POLICE ATTENTION AT ALL.

SO THAT'S REVEREND JACKSON TOLLIVER. A FRIEND OF MINE IN THE ATLANTA P.D., HERB, SAID HE WAS HEADING *OUR* WAY.

I WONDER IF THE SIN-EATER DOES REQUESTS?

BAD JOKE, STAN. *VERY* BAD JOKE.

LAUGH SO YOU DON'T CRY, ARNIE.

THIS IS *IT!* I CAN'T *WAIT* ANY LONGER. I'VE GOT TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT.

WAIT! EVERYONE COME BACK! THE KILLER'S *HERE!*

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE IT'S ...

...TOO LATE.

I'M GLAD WE'RE HAVING THIS CHANCE TO DISCUSS "NOW" PARKER.

BUT BEFORE WE *DO*, I'D LIKE TO SAY I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU COULD WATCH OUT FOR MY WIFE. I DON'T LIKE HAVING TO LEAVE MARLA...

THIS SIN-EATER HAS ME WORRIED...

DON'T *WORRY*, JONAH...

'CAUSE I'M NAILIN' THIS CREEP *MYSELF* WITHIN 48 HOURS.

JEAN, WHEREVER YOU ARE, I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU. I DON'T CARE *WHAT* I HAVE TO DO.

BECAUSE *I* LET HIM GET AWAY, AND I SWEAR THERE'LL BE NO FURTHER DEATHS AT HIS HANDS. *NONE.*

SOMETIME LATER...

THERE IS A PRIEST WITH A GREAT WEIGHT ON HIS SHOULDERS...

THAT WEIGHT WILL NOW BE REMOVED.

YES? DO YOU WISH TO TAKE CONFESSION?

FATHER, I... I HAVE A VERY DIFFICULT *TASK* AHEAD OF ME.

I HAVE CHOSEN A MISSION IN LIFE, THOUGH SOMETIMES I THINK *IT* HAS CHOSEN *ME.*

NOW I FIND MYSELF *WAVERING* IN MY COURSE. I NEED *ADVICE*, FATHER.

WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR WORK, MY SON?

RIGHTING WRONGS, FATHER. WRONGS DONE BY IMPORTANT PEOPLE, IN IMPORTANT PLACES, THAT ONLY I CAN SEE.

BUT I'M AFRAID NO ONE WILL UNDERSTAND.

MY SON, YOU MUST ALWAYS DO WHAT YOU BELIEVE TO BE RIGHT. YOU MUST BE TRUE TO YOURSELF AND YOUR BELIEFS.

OUR SAVIOR TAUGHT US THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS. OF COURSE, WE ALSO KNOW YOU MUST SOMETIMES PAY A HEAVY PRICE FOR YOUR BELIEFS.

BUT IF YOU *TRULY* BELIEVE IN YOUR CAUSE, THEN YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO PURSUE YOUR DESTINY.

THANK YOU FATHER. I *NEEDED* TO HEAR THAT. I *WILL* DO WHAT I KNOW TO BE RIGHT.

OF COURSE, YOU MUST NOT HARM OTHERS IN YOUR--MY SON, WHAT WAS THAT SOUND?

BLESS YOU FATHER, FOR YOU HAVE SINNED.

BLAM!

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THE ALL NEW. ALL DARING PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™

HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN

THE DEATH OF JEAN DEWOLFF PART 3

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

"HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN"

LOCAL RESIDENTS WERE *STUNNED* TONIGHT AT THE VIOLENT DEATH OF REVEREND BERNARD FINN, APPARENTLY AT THE HANDS OF THE MASKED MURDERER NAMED *SIN-EATER.*

THE REVEREND WAS KNOWN FOR HIS PUBLIC SPIRITEDNESS, AND HIS OUTSPOKENESS ON PRISON REFORM...

REV. BERNARD FINN

WHO WILL BE NEXT?

AUTHORITIES BELIEVE THAT IT WAS REVEREND FINN'S CONCERN FOR CRIMINALS--A CONCERN SHARED BY THE LATE JUDGE *HORACE ROSENTHAL*--

--THAT MARKED HIM AS A *TARGET* FOR THE SIN-EATER, WHO WAS SEEN *RUNNING* FROM THE CHURCH MOMENTS AFTER THE SHOOTING.

REVEREND FINN IS THE *FOURTH* KNOWN VICTIM OF THE SIN-EATER, WHO BEGAN A KILLING SPREE SEVERAL DAYS AGO.

HOURS AGO, *HUGO KELSEY*, A *BY-STANDER* DURING A BATTLE BETWEEN *SIN-EATER* AND *SPIDER-MAN*, DIED FROM GUNSHOT WOUNDS FROM A BLAST FROM SIN-EATER'S RIFLE.

A BLAST I *DODGED*! STAN, I--I COST THAT GUY HIS *LIFE*!

IT ALL HAPPENED SO *FAST*. I SHOULD HAVE WEBBED THE GUN, BUT I *DODGED* INSTINCTIVELY-- AND NOW SOME-ONE'S *DEAD*!

EVEN WHEN I USE MY POWERS FOR *GOOD*, INNOCENT PEOPLE GET HURT... KILLED, EVEN!

SPIDER-MAN, TAKE IT FROM A VETEREN *COP--NOBODY* MAKES ALL THE RIGHT DECISIONS ALL THE TIME.

BESIDES, SIN-EATER'S GUN--THE ONE YOU BENT WHEN HE *HIT* YOU--IT'S A *SCATTER* GUN. EVEN IF YOU'D *TAKEN* THE BULLETS, YOU'D BE DEAD AND KELSEY WOULD BE, TOO.

COMMUNITY LEADERS WERE OUTRAGED AND CALLED FOR...

OY VAY! NOW THEY'RE INTERVIEWING REVEREND *TOLLIVER. JUST* WHAT I NEED-- THAT GUY STIRRING THINGS UP EVEN *MORE*.

I HATE WORKING ON THIS CASE. I REALLY DO.

BETTY? IT'S MARLA JAMESON. LOOK, WITH BOTH JONAH AND NED AWAY AT THE DISTRIBUTOR CONFERENCE, HOW ABOUT IF WE TWO ABANDONED WIVES TEAM UP? STAY HERE AT THE HOUSE TOGETHER. THERE'S *PLENTY* OF ROOM...

YES. YES, I'M KIND OF NERVOUS *MYSELF* THESE DAYS, WHAT WITH THIS "SIN-EATER" MANIAC RUN-NING AMOK. I'M *JUMPING* AT EVERY NOISE. NO PLACE SEEMS *SAFE*--!

GREAT! I'LL SEE YOU THEN. AND, BETTY... *THANKS.*

I AM *STUNNED* THAT THE POLICE ARE UNABLE TO PROTECT EVEN A HOLY MAN IN THIS CITY. I JUST HOPE THAT, SINCE REVEREND FINN WAS *BLACK*, HE WILL NOT RECEIVE SHORT SHRIFT AT THE HANDS OF THE DETECTIVES.

WELL-SPOKEN, REV--*IF* I SAY SO *MYSELF*.

POLICE ARE REPORTEDLY WORKING ON *SEVERAL* LEADS TO THE SIN-EATER'S IDENTITY. THE MAIN CONCERN BY INSIDERS IS THAT THERE MAY BE *MORE* THAN *ONE* PERSON COMMITTING THE MURDERS...

...OR THAT THE CRIMES MAY PROMPT A RASH OF *COPYCAT* KILLINGS.

IN *OTHER* CRIME NEWS, ALLEGED DRUG DEALER *GERALD JABLONSKI*, HAD CHARGES DROPPED AGAINST HIM TODAY WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT EVIDENCE OBTAINED BY THE STATE ...

...WAS DONE SO *IMPROPERLY*, AND THAT EVIDENCE WAS RULED *INADMISSIBLE*. JABLONSKI IS QUOTED AS SAYING, "THANK HEAVENS, THE SYSTEM *WORKS*."

POLICE ARE *ALSO* PUZZLED BY A SERIES OF *BURGLARIES* ON THE *EAST SIDE* RECENTLY...

"POLICE ARE *UNSURE* OF HOW THE BURGLAR OR BURGLARES GAIN ENTRANCE. ONLY *SMALL* OBJECTS OR *PORTABLE* ITEMS, SUCH AS SMALL TELEVISIONS, ARE BEING TAKEN, IMPLYING A SMALL *ONE-MAN* OPERATION."

TAP TAP

HMNH?

HUNH!?

SANTA!

WHISPER, HONEY.

SANTA, WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* HERE? CHRISTMAS EVE ISN'T FOR--

LET ME *IN* AND I'LL *TELL YOU.*

OKAY. HOLD IT A SECOND...

THERE. UNLOCKED. SANTA, *THIS* YEAR I WAS GOING TO LEAVE YOU OUT OREOS INSTEAD OF CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES FOR A SNACK.

MY DADDY SAID YOU LIKE OREOS *BEST.* JUST LIKE *HE* DOES. IS THAT *TRUE?*

YES. I *LOVE* OREOS.

JUST LET ME SLIDE THIS WINDOW UP AND WE'LL *TALK.*

HO HO HO...

4

IT IS LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, AND ANOTHER FAT MAN -- WHO IS HARDLY JOLLY -- DICTATES INTO A SMALL RECORDER...

A LETTER TO MS. C.B. KALISH. DEAR MS. KALISH --

I AM AWARE OF YOUR RECENT *ATTEMPTS* TO CONTACT ME WITH REGARDS TO BECOMING AS YOU PUT IT, MY NEW STAFF ASSASSIN.

HOWEVER, YOUR RECENT ASSAULT ON TWO OF MY *MEN*, IN YOUR GUISE AS MADAME FATE WAS NEITHER *WELCOME* NOR *APPRECIATED*. NOR WAS IT *NECESSARY*.

I HAVE NO NEED FOR ASSASSINS, STAFF OR OTHERWISE. MY BUSINESS DEALINGS ARE *QUITE* LEGAL. AT THIS TIME I SHALL TAKE *NO* ACTION AGAINST YOU SINCE I PERSONALLY--

--*ABHOR* VIOLENCE.

THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING. SINCERELY, WILSON FISK.

HAVEN'T GOT THE *NERVE* TO SIGN LETTERS WITH YOUR PSEUDONYM-- *KINGPIN*?

SPIDER-MAN, I AM *NOT* INTERESTED IN TRADING *QUIPS*, *BLOWS*, OR ANY OTHER *CHILDISH* INDULGENCES. YOU ARE *TRESPASSING*, AND IF YOU DO NOT LEAVE SHORTLY I SHALL CALL THE *POLICE*.

I ASSUME YOU CAME HERE FOR THE SAME REASON YOUR FRIEND *DAREDEVIL* DID SOME MINUTES AGO. YOU SEEK THIS "*SIN-EATER*" FELLOW.

I CANNOT HELP YOU IN THIS.

I SUGGEST YOU MIGHT CHECK WITH THE *LOWER* RUNGS OF GARBAGE THAT EXIST IN THE SHADOWY WORLD OF THE CRIMINAL -- PERHAPS *THEY* HAVE THE INFORMATION YOU WANT.

OH, I *WILL*, KINGPIN. YOU'RE JUST MY *FIRST* STOP. MAKE NO MISTAKE...

I'M GETTING THE MONSTER WHO KILLED JEAN DEWOLFF.

I DID NOT LIKE CAPTAIN DEWOLFF, NOR JUDGE ROSENTHAL. THEY WERE BOTH HONEST...

AND, HONEST PEOPLE BORE ME.

BUT SOMEONE WHO KILLS *PRIESTS* I HAVE NO TRUCK WITH.

PRIEST KILLERS *POLARIZE* CITIES, AND SUCH CITIES ARE HARDER TO *CONTROL*.

YOU MAY LEAVE NOW, SPIDER-MAN. AND, BY THE WAY--

--I TRUST YOU WILL NOT FIND IT NECESSARY TO RENDER ANY MORE OF MY GUARDS UNCONSCIOUS ON YOUR WAY OUT.

YOU MIGHT LEARN A FEW POINTS OF *SUBTLETY* FROM YOUR FRIEND, DAREDEVIL.

HE MERELY KNOCKED ON THE FRONT DOOR.

ACROSS TOWN --

JOSIE'S PI

BAR

MY TALK WITH KINGPIN DIDN'T HELP ANY. MAYBE MY MISTAKE'S BEEN IN TRYING TO WORK THIS AS DAREDEVIL IN THE FIRST PLACE.

NOT THAT MATT MURDOCK, BLIND CRIMINAL ATTORNEY, COULD DO MUCH BETTER. BUT WITH MY HYPER SENSES AND BUILT-IN "RADAR SENSE"...

... I CAN EASILY INFILTRATE THIS DEN OF INIQUITY AS *JOE SHMOE*, FACELESS NOBODY. MAYBE "JOE" CAN SUCCEED WHERE D.D. FAILED.

AFTER ALL, THESE SLEAZEBALLS DON'T TAKE WELL TO MASKED ADVENTURERS LOOKING FOR LEADS.

CRASHING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW IN FULL COSTUME WOULD BE THE WORST POSSIBLE WAY TO HANDLE THIS.

EXCUSE ME, UHM, GENTLEMEN. I'M AFTER THE GUY WHO OFFED THE *PRIEST*.

IF ANY OF YOU CAN *HELP* ME, I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR *WHILE*.

IF *NOT*, I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

YEAH? LET'S SEE YOUR *MONEY*.

LET'S SEE YOUR INFORMATION.

LET'S SEE YOUR *FACE* COME OFF!

KRUNK!

AW, NO!/

YOU'RE NOT MAKING THIS EASY!

ALL RIGHT. I WON'T EITHER.

HE'S OVER HERE! I GOT HIM! I-- UNNGH!

OOOPS. SORRY.

BWAM!

HEY!

NO! NOT THE WINDOW!!!

OKAY.

APOLOGY ACCEPTED.

WUMPF!

ANYONE ELSE FEELING MORE COOPERATIVE?

CAN'T HELP YOU, SLICK.

AIN'T NONE OF US KNOW ABOUT THIS SIN-EATER GUY. BUT IF YOU GET THE SCUMBALL--

GIVE HIM ONE FOR US!

I WILL.

FOR ONCE! FOR ONCE NOBODY BROKE THE WIN--

NOBODY MOVE! I WANT INFORMATION ABOUT THE SIN-EATER!

TRASH!

AND IF I DON'T GET IT HERE, I'M GOING TO TEAR APART THIS TOWN UNTIL I DO.

AND IF WE DON'T WANT TO GIVE YA OUR HELP?

THEN I'LL TAKE IT!

GET AWAY FROM HIM! I SAW HIM LIKE THIS ONCE, WHEN HE WAS SEARCHING FOR THE MASTER PLANNER.

HE'LL KEEP GOING 'TILL HE GETS WHAT HE WANTS!

"HI, THIS IS STAN CARTER. I'M NOT **HOME** RIGHT NOW, BUT I'M A **COP**, SO DON'T GET ANY FUNNY IDEAS ABOUT **ROBBERY.**"

"LEAVE YOUR **NAME** AND **NUMBER** ON THIS MARVELOUS DEVICE AND I'LL GET BACK TO YOU."
BEEP.

"**STAN? SPIDER-MAN,** CHECKING IN TO LET YOU KNOW MY ACTIVITIES OF THE PAST FEW NIGHTS HAVE YIELDED **ZILCH.** EITHER THE SIN-EATER'S GOT EVERYONE REALLY **SPOOKED--**"

"--OR ELSE NOBODY REALLY **KNOWS** ANY-THING ABOUT HIM. I'M RUNNING OUT OF POSSIBILITIES **FAST.**"

"BUT I HAVE A DIFFERENT **APPROACH** I'M GOING TO TAKE. IT INVOLVES A SUGGES-TION THE KINGPIN MADE."

"I'M GOING TO KNOCK ON SOMEONE'S **FRONT DOOR.**"

OH! WHO ARE YOU?

I'M HERE TO SEE... UH... YOUR DADDY.

HE'S IN THE BATHROOM. HOLD ON. I'LL CALL HIM.

DAAADEEEE! THERE'S A MAN HERE WITH A BUG ON HIS CHEST!

A MAN WITH A WHAT ON HIS WH-- HOLY...

SUSIE, GET AWAY FROM HIM! QUICK!

WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHY, JUST TO HAVE A CHAT WITH YOU, GERALD. LET'S GO.

HEY, C'MON. NOT IN FRONT OF MY KID. C'MON, LEGGO!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH MY DADDY?!

ON AN OUTING, HON'. WE'LL BE BACK BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!

GREAT. I CAN'T EVEN PUMP CRUMBS LIKE GERALD JABLONSKI WITHOUT FEELING LIKE ATTILA THE HUN.

DADDY! COME BACK! DAAA-DEEEE!

I HEARD ABOUT YOU ON THE *NEWS* THE OTHER DAY, GERRY. ABOUT HOW YOU BEAT THAT *DRUG RAP.*

SO I SAID TO MYSELF, *"SELF,"* I SAID, "GERRY DESERVES TO GO OUT AND *CELEBRATE* HIS WIN.

BUT, YOU'RE SUCH A HARD WORKER I KNEW YOU'D HAVE TO BE, WELL, *FORCED.*

HOW COULD YOU BRING ME *HERE?!* HALF THE HIRED THUGS IN THE CITY HANG OUT HERE!!

SURE! I'VE EVEN WALTZED MOST OF 'EM *AROUND* THE PAST FEW DAYS, SO THEY'LL LEAVE *ME* ALONE.

OF COURSE, THEY MIGHT GO AFTER *FRIENDS* OF MINE--LIKE *YOU,* FOR EXAMPLE.

M-ME?

YOU GOT A BAD *STAMMER,* KNOW THAT, GERRY?

AND *YES,* I MEAN YOU! WE'RE PALS, AREN'T WE, GERRY? I MEAN, I'VE BEEN TO YOUR HOUSE, MET YOUR LOVELY SUSIE...

HECK, WE'RE PRACTICALLY *RELATED!*

FOR P-PITY'S SAKE, KEEP YOUR VOICE *DOWN!*

WELL, I'M GLAD WE HAD THIS CHAT. I'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND, PAL!

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE!

NO?

LOOK AT THESE GUYS! THEY THINK YOU'RE MY CHUM. IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW I'M DEAD!

OKAY! OKAY! I'M JUST THE MIDDLE MAN. GET ME IM-MUNITY AND I'LL FINGER THE BIG MEN FOR YOU --

I'M NOT THE D.A.* BESIDES, I WANT THE SIN-EATER.

GEE. DEAD. LIKE THOSE KIDS YOU SIPHON DRUGS TO?

* DISTRICT ATTORNEY--OWZ.

WHAT, THE GUY WHO KILLED THE PRIEST AND COP AND JUDGE? I KNOW ZIP ABOUT HIM. I SWEAR.

NICE SEEING YOU, GERRY!

PLEASE! DON'T LEAVE ME!

I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW ANY-THING ABOUT THIS SIN-EATER!

ON MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE, I SWEAR.

ALL RIGHT.

ALL RIGHT GERRY, I BELIEVE YOU.

LET'S GO CHAT WITH THE COPS.

DON'T LET THEM HURT ME...

I WON'T.

NEXT DAY...

KINGPIN SAID *DAREDEVIL* WAS LOOKING FOR SIN-EATER, TOO.

DAILY BU

WONDER WHAT OLD HORN-HEAD'S INTEREST IN THIS IS?

GREAT. LANCE BANNON'S COZYING UP TO ROBBIE FOR PHOTO ASSIGN-MENTS. WONDER WHY *HE* DOESN'T GO THROUGH KATHRYN CUSHING?

YOU KNOW, BETTY, I'M ALMOST SORRY JONAH'S COMING BACK TOMORROW.

I KNOW, MARLA. US TWO "GIRLS" ON OUR OWN--

--I HAVEN'T HAD THIS MUCH FUN SINCE HIGH SCHOOL.

WHERE'S JAMESON?

EEEEEEEEEE

SLAM!

IT'S *HIM!*

IT'S HIM?

IT'S *HIM!*

I WANT JONAH JAMESON!

BRING THAT POOR EXCUSE OF A *PUBLISHER* TO ME, NOW! OR--

--OR *SHE DIES!*

I'M JONAH JAMESON, SON. DON'T HURT HER.

WHY NOT PUT DOWN THE GUN? YOU NEED HELP, SON.

I'M NOT YOUR SON, SINNER!

ROBBIE, YOU BRAVE IDIOT! I CAN'T HOLD BACK--WAIT! THAT TYPEWRITER...

I'M GOING TO LIST YOUR CRIMES, SINNER--

LIST AWAY, NUTCASE. GIVE ME THREE SECONDS TO GET THIS ROLLER OUT OF THE TYPEWRITER--

--AND RIP OFF DARE-DEVIL'S STYLE.

ROBBIE! DUCK!

WHA--

WHAM!

UNGH!

WOW! THE POWER OF THE PRESS! PETE, THAT WAS--

LUCKY. JUST LUCKY. ROBBIE'S THE HERO.

HERO. RIGHT. NOW EXCUSE ME-- I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.

HE WENT DOWN MUCH EASIER THAN WHEN I FOUGHT HIM BEFORE.

MAYBE IT'S 'CAUSE I CAUGHT HIM OFF GUARD. SURE, THAT'S IT.

I GOT HIM, JEAN...

"I GOT HIM."

MR. GREGG, AS YOUR COUNSEL, I AM ADVISING YOU NOT TO SAY ANYTHING...

IT WAS THE *VOICES*. I HAD TO DO IT.

COULDN'T RESIST VOICES IN THE NIGHT.

WHERE'S STAN? HE'S GOING TO HATE MISSING THIS.

MR. GREGG--

IT WAS THE VOICES... THEY SAID WHEN AND WHERE.

I DIDN'T WANT TO AT FIRST. I DIDN'T THINK I *HAD*.

BUT THE PEOPLE DIED, SO IT *MUST* HAVE BEEN ME, RIGHT?

WHA--? DAREDEVIL?!

AW, C'MON! BAD ENOUGH I'M LETTING SPIDER-MAN IN ON THIS. AT LEAST HE FOUGHT THIS GUY!

I EN-COUNTERED THE SUSPECT TOO, OFFICER. DON'T WORRY, I'LL STAY OUT OF YOUR WAY. WHERE IS HE?

SITTING RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU! WHAT'RE YOU, BLIND?

I WANTED TO WARN THE PRIEST HE WOULD DIE.

I TRIED TWICE, BUT COULDN'T.

SO I TOOK ABSOLUTION FOR MY SINS. SO MANY SINS...

GENTLEMEN, I MUST PROTEST THIS--

MY HEART BLEEDS, PAL.

JAMESON WAS ACTUALLY SUPPOSED TO DIE TONIGHT AT HIS HOUSE. SO I FIGURED IF I GO EARLY EVERYTHING WILL BE WRONG AND I'LL BE CAUGHT.

AND IT WORKED. I HOPE THE VOICES AREN'T ANGRY...

SPIDER-MAN...

WE HAVE TO TALK. PRIVATELY. NOW.

CAN THIS WAIT, HORNHEAD? I--

NOW.

OKAY, OKAY...

YOU'VE GOT A COPY-CAT. HE'S NOT THE MAN WHO KILLED THE JUDGE. MAYBE HE DIDN'T KILL ANY-ONE.

YOU'RE KIDDING! HE WAS CAUGHT AT THE BUGLE...

HIS RIFLE'S THE SAME, EVEN WITH THE SAME BEND WHERE IT HIT ME. HE KNOWS DETAILS OF THE CRIMES. HIS MENTAL HEALTH RECORD IS--

I DON'T CARE. IT'S NOT HIM. TRUST ME.

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO SPIDER-MAN MY ABILITY TO DISTINGUISH PEOPLE BY THEIR HEARTBEATS...?

"ALL RIGHT, DD. LET'S SAY I TOSS LOGIC. IF HE'S NOT SIN-EATER, WHO IS?"

SHOES

CARLIN'S CAFE

XEROX

PRINTING

"I DON'T KNOW. DID YOU CATCH HIS ADDRESS?"

"LET ME THINK. YEAH. ON BLEEKER, IN THE VILLAGE."

WHAT A MESS! ARE YOU CONVINCED, HORN-HEAD?

SLOVENLINESS IS HARDLY A CRIMINAL OFFENSE.

BY THE WAY, I HEAR THAT GERALD JABLONSKI IS TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE. HE'LL BE GIVEN PROTECTION. THE WORKS. WORD HAS IT YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE.

YOU CAN THANK ME LATER.

OH REALLY? AREN'T YOU BOTHERED THAT YOUR ACTIONS ENDANGERED JABLONSKI'S LIFE?

THAT HE WAS FORCED TO TESTIFY BECAUSE HE FELT HE'D BEEN PUT IN AN UNTENABLE POSITION.

JABLONSKI IS A DRUG-PUSHING CREEP. I THOUGHT HE MIGHT LEAD ME TO SIN-EATER, AND IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD THINK OF TO PRESSURE HIM.

AND DON'T GO HOLIER-THAN-THOU ON ME, HORNHEAD. YOU'VE NEVER ROUGHED ANYONE UP FOR YOUR OWN NEEDS?

THIS WASN'T ROUGHING UP! THIS WAS COERCION.

THIS WAS PUTTING A MAN IN FEAR OF HIS LIFE FOR YOUR OWN REASONS. AND I DON'T CARE HOW NOBLE YOUR MOTIVES WERE.

IT STILL STINKS.

THIS DOOR IS LOCKED OFF. MUST BE TO THE NEXT APARTMENT. BUT--

AAAH

--IT APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN JIMMIED RECENTLY.

THIS CON ED BILL...HOLY COW! THIS IS STAN CARTER'S PLACE!

STAN'S GONNA FREAK WHEN HE FINDS OUT HE'S BEEN LIVING NEXT DOOR TO THE--

Con Edison

SAVE WATCH SAVE A

1-115

SPIDER-MAN...

NO... OH, NO...

SIN-EATER'S GEAR... IN STAN'S CLOSET BUT THAT'S IMPOS...

THERE'S A RECORDER OVER THERE. MY GUESS IS THAT THIS CARTER RECORDED SOME SORT OF DIARY AT NIGHT...

GREGG'S BED IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL.

GREGG, ALREADY IN A STRAINED MENTAL STATE, HEARD THE VOICES THROUGH THE WALL AND CONVINCED HIMSELF HE WAS THE SIN-EATER.

NO. IT CAN'T BE. IF YOU CAN'T TELL THE VICTIMS FROM THE KILLERS ANYMORE, THEN THERE'S NOTHING...

LISTEN, BLAST IT! THERE'S TWO EMPTY GUN HOLDERS. GREGG MUST HAVE BUSTED IN AND TAKEN ONE--

--BUT THERE'S ONE UNACCOUNTED FOR.

AND THE NEXT VICTIM IS SUPPOSED TO BE...

JAMESON... BUT JAMESON IS IN FLORIDA... WITH NED LEEDS...

AND BETTY LEEDS IS... STAYING WITH... MARLA...

OH NO.

THE BUGLE. SHE MUST STILL BE AT THE BUGLE.

SHE USUALLY WORKS LATE.

PLEASE LET HER BE THERE.

ROBBIE. IS BETTY LEEDS THERE?

SHE WHAT?

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU LEFT EARLY, BETTY. I'VE BEEN TAKING COOKING LESSONS. YOU'LL LOVE WHAT'S COMING.

I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE TO HELP, MARLA. I'M JUST FINISHING A LETTER TO MY MOM.

SHE WORRIES ABOUT ME.

CALM DOWN, SPIDER-MAN. IT'S 555-2786.

JONAH WOULD *KILL* ME IF HE KNEW I GAVE YOU HIS HOME NUMBER. WILL YOU PLEASE--

HELLO?

BETTY AND MARLA MUST BE BACK AT JAMESON'S BY NOW. AND CARTER MAY BE WAITING FOR THEM.

HE *IS!* I *KNOW* IT!

IF THAT MONSTER HURTS THEM...HURTS *ANYONE*...

I'LL KILL HIM.

RRRIIIN'NG!

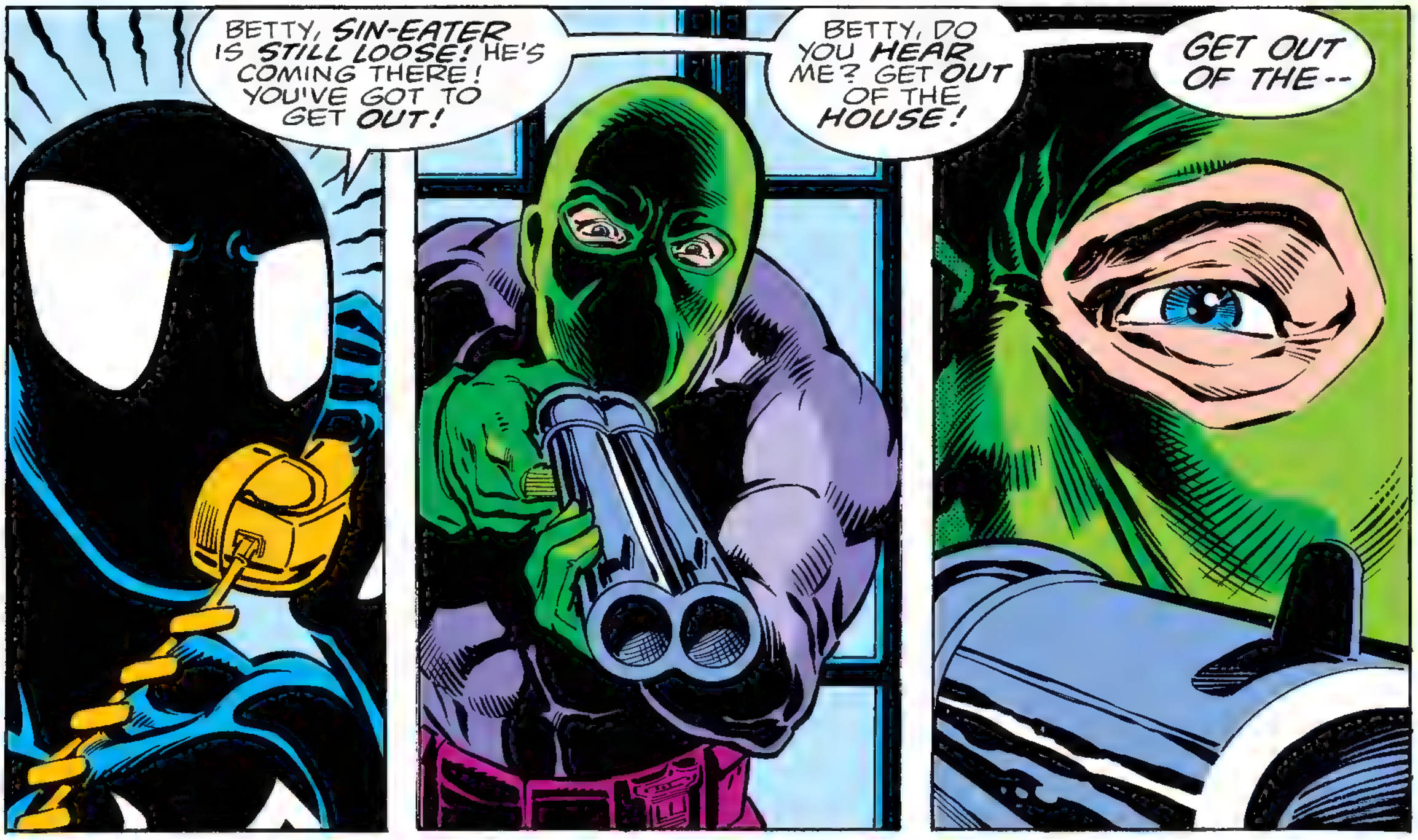
JAMESON RESI...

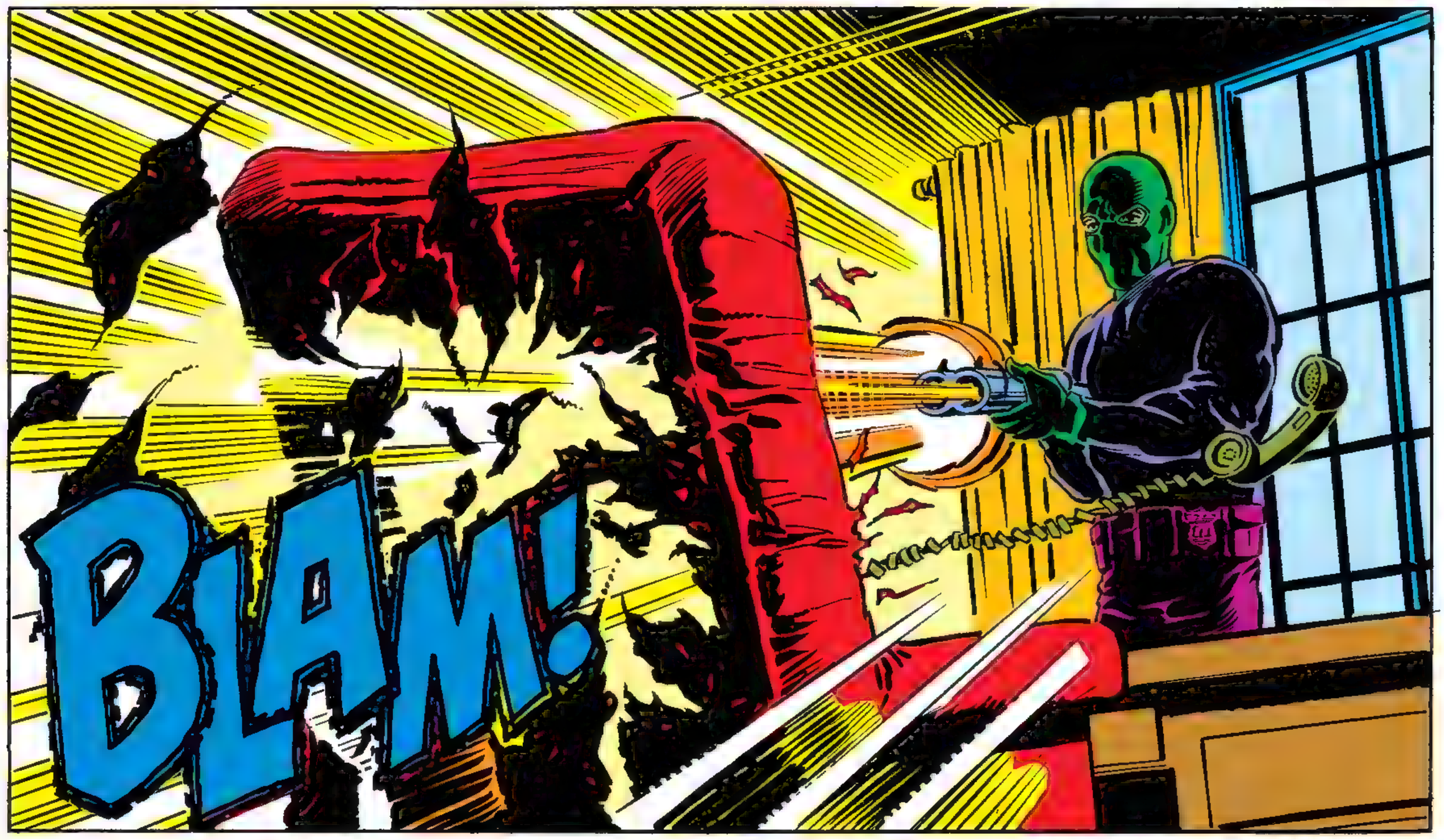
...DENCE.

HELLO, BETTY? BETTY, IS THAT YOU?

BETTY, *SAY* SOMETHING! ARE YOU *THERE?*

BETTY, YOU'RE IN *DANGER!* GET MARLA AND *GET OUT!*





"HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN"

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THE ALL NEW, ALL DARING

PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN

THE SHOCKING CONCLUSION TO THE YEAR'S MOST EXPLOSIVE SAGA!

SPIDER-MAN® BATTLES DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

...ALL MY SINS REMEMBERED!

BUCKLER
RUBINSTEIN

WHEN I FIRST MET BETTY BRANT, I WAS A SHY, BESPECTACLED BOOKWORM.

NO GIRL HAD EVER GLANCED AT ME BEFORE, AND THEN BETTY...

BETTY *JUMP-STARTED* MY HEART.

BUT THE SHADOW OF *SPIDER-MAN* CAME BETWEEN US, DROVE HER INTO THE ARMS OF NED LEEDS.

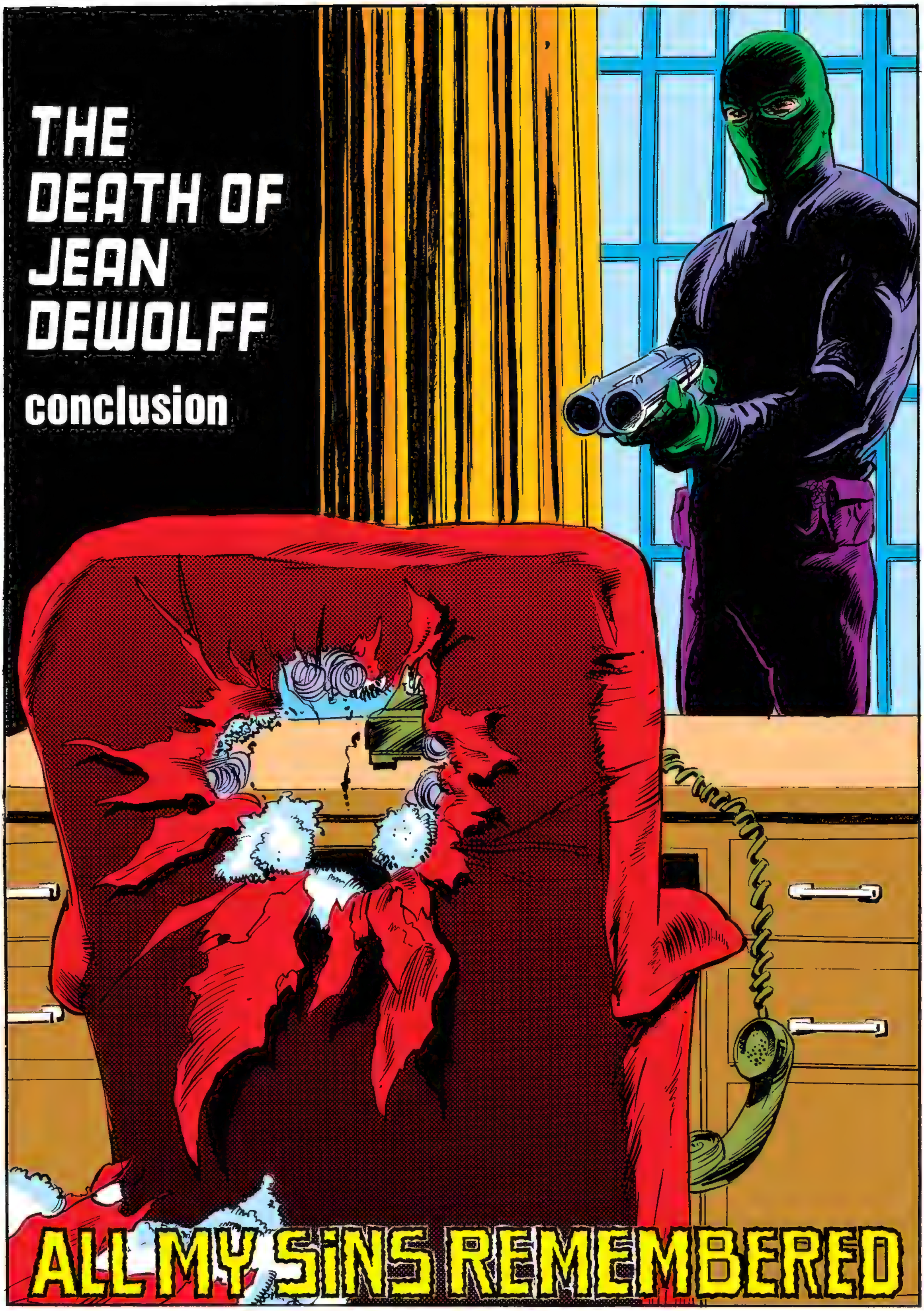
WE FINALLY RECONCILED TO A CAUTIOUS FRIENDSHIP-- BUT SHE ALWAYS SENSED I HID SOME PART OF MY LIFE FROM HER.

WELL, NOW I'M COMING *OUT* OF THE SHADOWS, TO AVENGE HER DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE *SIN-EATER*.

AND HEAVEN *HELP* HIM, BECAUSE NOTHING'S GOING TO SAVE HIM NOW.

THE DEATH OF JEAN DEWOLFF

conclusion



FIRST TIME I'VE EVER MISSED.

YET THE LORD'S HAND MUST HAVE *GUIDED* YOU TO SEEK COVER UNDER THE DESK, FOR I DO *HIS* WORK.

RISE, MY CHILD. YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY *NOT* THE SINNER, J. JONAH JAMESON.

MUH... MUH....

WHERE IS JAMESON, EH?

MUH... MARLA...?

YOUR FRIEND IS GONE. I HEARD THE FRONT DOOR SLAM...

DO YOU WORK FOR THE SINNER JAMESON?

YES, UH, NO.

A SHAME YOU CHOSE TO *ALLY* YOURSELF WITH THAT CURSED NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER.

IF I CAN'T HAVE *JAMESON*, I'LL LEAVE A MESSAGE WITH *YOU*--

YOU CAN DELIVER IT--

WHEN YOU SEE HIM IN THE *AFTERLIFE.*

WHU... WHY? WHY... MUH...ME...?

YOU? YOU'RE NOTHING. I WANTED *JAMESON* BECAUSE HE OPPOSES MASKED VIGILANTES.

I KILLED THE PRIEST BECAUSE HE OPPOSED CAPITAL PUNISHMENT...

I KILLED THE *JUDGE* BECAUSE HE CODDLED CRIMINALS...

AND I KILLED JEAN DeWOLFF..

...BECAUSE I *FELT* LIKE IT.

CHUT

ARRRGHH!

YOU... *SLUT!*

STAB *ME* WITH A LETTER OPENER, WILL YOU? I'LL--

=GASP!= IT'S... IT'S...

WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING A--

KRASH!
NO!!

YOU *WANT* THE HARLOT, SPIDER-MAN? TAKE HER! YOU DESERVE EACH OTHER.

BETTY! ALIVE!

OBVIOUSLY.

GIVE ME A MOMENT AND I'LL REMEDY THAT.

NO! I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT I'VE BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE.

AND I'M *NOT* GONNA BLOW IT.

FIRST WE RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR TOY.

THWIP

TOY?! YOU CRETIN! THAT'S THE VOICE OF *GOD!* IT'S PART OF ME!

PART OF YOU, HUH? *WHICH* PART?

HOW ABOUT YOUR *NECK?*

KRACK!

DO YOU KNOW *WHY* YOU OPPOSE ME, SPIDER-MAN?

BECAUSE WE ARE *ALIKE*. WE DEAL JUSTICE IN OUR OWN WAYS...

SHUT UP, CARTER! WE'RE *NOTHING* ALIKE!

THWOK

I PROTECT INNOCENTS, AND YOU *SLAUGHTER* THEM.

K-CHONK!

YOU'VE LEFT A TRAIL OF BODIES BEHIND YOU, BUT NO MORE.

NO MORE!

NO MORE...

TRYING TO GATHER YOUR STRENGTH? ATTACK AGAIN?

FORGET IT!

BWAM!

YOU WERE LAUGHING AT ME ALL ALONG, RIGHT, CARTER?

ACTED LIKE A FRIEND WHEN IT WAS ALL A SICK *JOKE.*

YOU DISGUSTING--

IT'S THE QUIET, UNOBVIOUS NUTS THAT YOU HAVE TO WATCH.

I'M...

...I'M SORRY.

SORRY?!

DON'T GIVE *ME* SORRY!

WHUMF!

TELL IT TO THE *JUDGE!*

--OR TO THE PRIEST!

--OR BETTER YET--

--TELL IT TO JEAN DeWOLFF!

WHAMM!

SPIDER-MAN'S HEART IS POUNDING LIKE A TRIPHAMMER. I'VE NEVER KNOWN HIM TO BE THIS... BRUTAL!

SPIDER-MAN! BACK OFF. IT'S OVER.

IT'S *NOT*! HE MIGHT STILL GET LOOSE, KILL SOMEONE. IT WON'T BE OVER UNTIL--

UNTIL HE'S *DEAD*?

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, MAN! HE'S NO LONGER A THREAT!

THE ONLY THREAT HERE IS *YOU*!

OUT OF MY WAY!

IF YOU WANT HIM--

--YOU'LL HAVE TO COME THROUGH *ME*.

THWAM!

I *WARNED* YOU KEEP *OUT* OF THIS.

THIS IS BETWEEN *CARTER* AND *ME*!

BIG HERO! PROVING YOUR *MANHOOD* BY PUMMELING AN UNCONSCIOUS FOE!

STUFF IT, HORNHEAD. I'VE HALF A MIND TO--

--HALF A MIND IS *RIGHT!*

UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THAT SHOULD BRING HIM AFTER--

YEP. HERE HE *COMES.* FUNNY-- THREE OUT OF EVERY FOUR MURDERS, THE VICTIM KNOWS HIS KILLER--

I'D HATE TO BECOME A STATISTIC.

I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR HOLIER-THAN-THOU ATTITUDE!

YOU PROTECT CRIMINALS! YOU LECTURE ME ON PROCEDURE. YOU COME ON LIKE THE JUSTICE SYSTEM INCARNATE!

ANGER'S MAKING HIM SLOPPY. GOOD. OTHERWISE I'D BE FINISHED.

I TRY TO *AID* THE JUSTICE SYSTEM. *SUPPLEMENT* IT. BUT YOU--

THWUMP!

YOU TRIED TO *SUPPLANT* IT. BE JUDGE, JURY, AND EXECUTIONER, ALL ROLLED INTO ONE.

I DON'T KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS; BUT THAT *ISN'T* ONE OF THEM.

DON'T YOU DARE MAKE ME SOUND LIKE SIN-EATER!

YOU TALK AS IF I ATTACK INNOCENT PEOPLE, LIKE HE DOES!

HE'S FURIOUS, SWINGING WILD. GOOD. I CAN USE THAT.

I USE MY POWERS TO PROTECT PEOPLE *FROM* CRIMINALS!

AND WHAT MAKES A CRIMINAL?

A CROOK'S A CROOK! WHAT'RE YOU, NUTS?

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE HAVE TO STOP CROOKS.

CROOKS LIKE YOU!

WHAT?

COME ON, SPIDER-MAN, I READ THE PAPERS. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU!

AND I'M TAKING YOU DOWN-- *CRIMINAL!*

THWAK!

YOU'RE *TWISTING* EVERYTHING! YOU SHOULD BE A LAWYER.

AND DON'T THINK YOU CAN CATCH ME FROM *BEHIND* WITH THAT BILLY-CLUB OF YOURS!

MY SPIDER-SENSE CAN TRACK ANYTHING. WAIT, IT'S STILL--

ANYTHING. BUT NOT EVERYTHING. NOT IN *YOUR* MENTAL STATE.

BWAM!

URMFF!

I'VE BEEN LUCKY. I MANAGED TO DISTRACT HIS SPIDER-SENSE WITH HALF MY CLUB--

AND NAIL HIM WITH THE OTHER HALF. BUT I CAN'T LET UP.

WHAM!

IF I GIVE HIM THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE, HE'LL WIPE THE FLOOR WITH ME.

FINALLY...

INCREDIBLE. A DOZEN PUNCHES AND HE'S BARELY OUT.

HIS HEARTBEAT'S STILL STRONG. ONLY A FEW MINUTES BEFORE HE COMES TO.

SECONDS LATER...

THE ONLY REASON I BEAT HIM WAS BECAUSE HE WAS SO EMOTIONALLY WORKED UP.

BUT SIN-EATER KILLED A CLOSE FRIEND OF MINE-- AND I'VE STILL GOT MY "PROFESSIONAL DETACHMENT."

SO DOES SPIDER-MAN FEEL TOO MUCH? OR DO I FEEL...TOO *LITTLE*?

MRS. LEEDS, HOW DO YOU FEEL BEING ALIVE?

GO AWAY.

WIVI

WHEN I HEARD THE BLAST, I TRIED TO CALL THE POLICE, BUT THE PHONE WAS OFF THE HOOK.

SO I RAN OUTSIDE, CALLED THE POLICE... OH, BETTY... I SHOULD HAVE--

WHAT? RISKED YOUR LIFE? MARLA, YOU DID THE RIGHT THING. JUST BE GLAD WE'RE BOTH ALIVE.

YOU'RE REMARKABLE. SO CALM. SO--

ONCE AGAIN, THE SUSPECTED "SIN-EATER" HAS BEEN APPREHENDED--

-- AFTER THREATENING THE PERSONAL SECRETARY OF PUB--

THREATENED?! HE TRIED TO *KILL* ME!!

THE SUSPECT HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS DETECTIVE STAN CARTER OF THE 14TH PRECINCT.

IT IS NOW BELIEVED THAT AN EARLIER APPREHENDED SUSPECT IS NOT--

A COP--? DID HE SAY--?

A COP! A LOUSY, STINKIN' COP.

"IRONICALLY, CARTER HIMSELF WAS ASSIGNED AS THE DETECTIVE IN CHARGE OF THE MURDER INVESTIGATION OF CAPTAIN JEAN DEWOLFF, FIRST KNOWN VICTIM OF THE SIN-EATER."

OH, GEEZ, STAN... WHY?

GET LIEUTENANT... SORRY, CAPTAIN D'ANGELO... ON THE PHONE.

HE'S INHERITED JEAN'S COMMAND...

WHY SHOULD HE GET ANY EXTRA SLEEP?

THIS IS JUST WONDERFUL. I CAN IMAGINE WHAT THE PUBLIC IS SAYING.

FIRST YOU'RE NOT SAFE FROM THE CRIMINALS. NOW YOU'RE NOT SAFE FROM THE COPS!

I BET THEY REALLY KNEW AND THEY WERE COVERING FOR HIM. THEY STICK TOGETHER, Y'KNOW.

UH-HUH. UH-HUH. WHAT ABOUT WHEN A BUNCH OF THEM SHOT THAT WOMAN? AND THEY GOT OFF?

I TELL YA, YA JUST CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY!

TIMMY?

TIMMY, I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU RATTLING AROUND? AWAY FROM THE WINDOW, SPORT, IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

BACK TO BED... SAY, WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT?

IT'S A SECRET.

BUT YOU'RE GONNA GET SOMETHING *REALLY* GOOD FOR CHRISTMAS.

WELL, THAT'S NICE, TIMMY. GOOD NIGHT.

JUST WAIT UNTIL DAD FINDS OUT HE'S GETTING A GREAT BIG COLOR TV FROM SANTA. AND ALL I HAD TO DO--

HONEY, WHERE'S THE PORTABLE TV?

--IS TRADE SANTA OUR LITTLE ONE.

...ho ho ho...

NEXT MORNING, IN THE LOBBY OF THE DAILY BUGLE...

UNDER-PRIVILEGED

BOY. THE "TOYS FOR THE UNDERPRIVILEGED" DRIVE IS SURE GETTING A PATHETIC TURNOUT THIS YEAR.

GUESS THE CITY ISN'T IN MUCH OF A GIVING MOOD RECENTLY.

THE OVERWHELMING FEELING SEEMS TO BE ANGER.

OUT OF MY WAY OR YOU'RE FIRED.

BUT I DON'T WORK HERE.

FINE. YOU'RE HIRED.

NOW YOU'RE THROUGH. GET *OUT.*

AND SPEAKING OF ANGRY MOODS... *HI, JONAH!*

HOW DID THE DISTRIBUTOR CONFERENCE GO?

FINE IF YOU ENJOY DEBACLES.

SOME WHOLESALER HATED MY CIGAR. SO NOW "NOW" MAGAZINE WON'T BE CARRIED IN CLEVELAND.

THEN OUR PLANE WAS DELAYED FOUR HOURS OUT OF FLORIDA, THEN WE WERE STACKED UP OVER... OH, *FORGET* IT.

HAVEN'T SEEN A PAPER YET. WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON, PARKER?

OH... WELL...

SIN-EATER BROKE INTO THE BUGLE CITY ROOM SHOUTING HE WANTED TO KILL YOU.

ROBBIE PRETENDED HE WAS YOU, CONFUSED SIN-EATER, AND WE DISARMED HIM.

TURNED OUT IT WASN'T *REALLY* HIM, THOUGH. ONLY A COPYCAT. SO THE *REAL* KILLER WENT TO YOUR HOUSE, JONAH, AND FOUND YOUR WIFE, MARLA. AND NED, BETTY WAS THERE, TOO.

BUT DON'T WORRY. SPIDER-MAN ARRIVED JUST IN TIME AND SAVED THEM. BEAT SIN-EATER TO A *PULP*. HE'S IN POLICE CUSTODY NOW.

GUESS YOU! BOTH OWE SPIDEY A DEBT YOU CAN *NEVER* REPAY.

NOT... SPIDER-MAN...

BUT... BUT... BUT...

HMMM. WONDER HOW *LONG* IT'LL BE BEFORE JONAH AND NED REALIZE THIS WAS THEIR FLOOR.

MESSAGE FOR YOU, PETER. OR SHOULD I CALL YOU "FLASH"...?

THANKS, ANNE. BUT LOOK, JUST 'CAUSE I'M A PHOTO-GRAPHER, IT DOESN'T MEAN YOU NICKNAME ME "FLASH." IN FACT, I'D PREFER YOU *DIDN'T.*

FINE, PETER. WORK AT 31 FLAVORS AND I'LL CALL YOU "*SCOOP.*"

EVERYONE'S A COMEDIAN.

HI, AUNT MAY. YOU CALLED?

PETER, I HATE TO BOTHER YOU, BUT... IT'S ERNIE. HE WAS VERY UPSET THIS MORNING. ESPECIALLY AFTER HEARING THE NEWS ABOUT THAT AWFUL MAN.

DON'T *WORRY*, AUNT MAY. HE'S PROBABLY JUST BLOWING OFF STEAM. EVER SINCE THE MUGGING...

THAT'S WHAT **SCARES** ME, PETER. HE TOOK HIS OLD ARMY REVOLVER, HIS WAR MOMENTO.

OH, BOY. LOOK. I'LL KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR HIM. BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULD CALL THE *POLICE*.

OH, NO, PETER. I WOULDN'T WANT TO GET HIM IN TROUBLE.

BUT EVERYONE HERE AT THE HOUSE IS **VERY** CONCERNED.

I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT, AUNT MAY. BYE-BYE.

ALTHOUGH AUNT MAY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, ABOUT IT, HER BOY-FRIEND NATHAN WOUND UP IN THE HOSPITAL...

BECAUSE I DIDN'T KEEP CLOSE TABS ON HIM.* NOW'S MY CHANCE TO MAKE UP FOR IT.

*AMAZING SPIDEY #271 -- OWZ.

PETER! GOOD. I NEED YOU TO GO WITH THE MAN-IN-THE-STREET REPORTER, SNYDER. TAKE HEAD SHOTS. NICE EASY STUFF.

BUT, ROBBIE, I HAVE TO LOOK FOR SOMEONE.

WELL, *NOW* YOU CAN LOOK FOR HIM AND MAKE *MONEY* AT THE SAME TIME.

BUT ROBBIE...

ALL RIGHT, SON. I'LL JUST TELL YOUR NEW BOSS, KATHRYN CUSHING THAT YOU TURNED DOWN AN EASY ASSIGNMENT. YOU CAN GIVE YOUR REASONS TO HER.

UNLESS YOU'D RATHER...

MOUNTS MORG

HI. I'M IVAN SNYDER FROM *THE BUGLE*, ASKING TODAY'S MAN-IN-THE-STREET QUESTION...

CONSIDERING THE ALLEGED IDENTITY OF THE SIN-EATER, DO YOU FIND THE POLICE LESS *TRUSTWORTHY*?

YOU KIDDIN'? I *NEVER* TRUSTED THEM IN THE *FIRST* PLACE.

YOU *SHOULD* BE ABLE TO TRUST SOMEONE. BUT IT SEEMS YOU CAN'T TRUST *ANYONE*.

AND IF YOU TRUST THE WRONG PERSON... HEAVEN HELP YOU.

TERRIBLE WHAT YOU READ THESE DAYS.

ALL THOSE POOR PEOPLE THAT CRAZY MAN KILLED. DEFENSELESS.

CRIMINALS PICK ON THE DEFENSELESS ONES. ON PEOPLE LIKE ME... OR ME THE WAY I *ONCE* WAS.

IF IT WERE JUST THIS, BUT.., YOU SEE EVERY DAY ABOUT THE POLICE HURTING PEOPLE. I THINK MAYBE THEY CRACK UNDER PRESSURE.

NO MORE, THOUGH. I WON'T COWER ANY-MORE. NOW ERNIE POPCHIK FIGHTS FOR WHAT IS HIS.

THE WORLD TRADE CENTER IS NEXT. IT'LL BE NICE, LOOKING DOWN ON THE CITY AND FEELING LIKE I OWN IT-- BECAUSE I'M NOT AFRAID ANYMORE.

SAY NOW... THERE'S A FELLOW WHO MIGHT TAKE PITY ON OUR MISSING FRIEND. LET'S FIND OUT IF HE HAS ANY MONEY TO HELP US OUT.

YEAH... IN FACT, IT MAKES ME MAD. AND I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE. IN FACT, WE'RE GONNA...

UH... NO COMMENT. ON SECOND THOUGHT, NO COMMENT.

PARDON ME, GOOD SIR. WE HAVE A SICK FRIEND, AND WE NEED TO BUY HIM MEDICINE.

A MAN OF YOUR YEARS WOULD UNDER-STAND THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS.

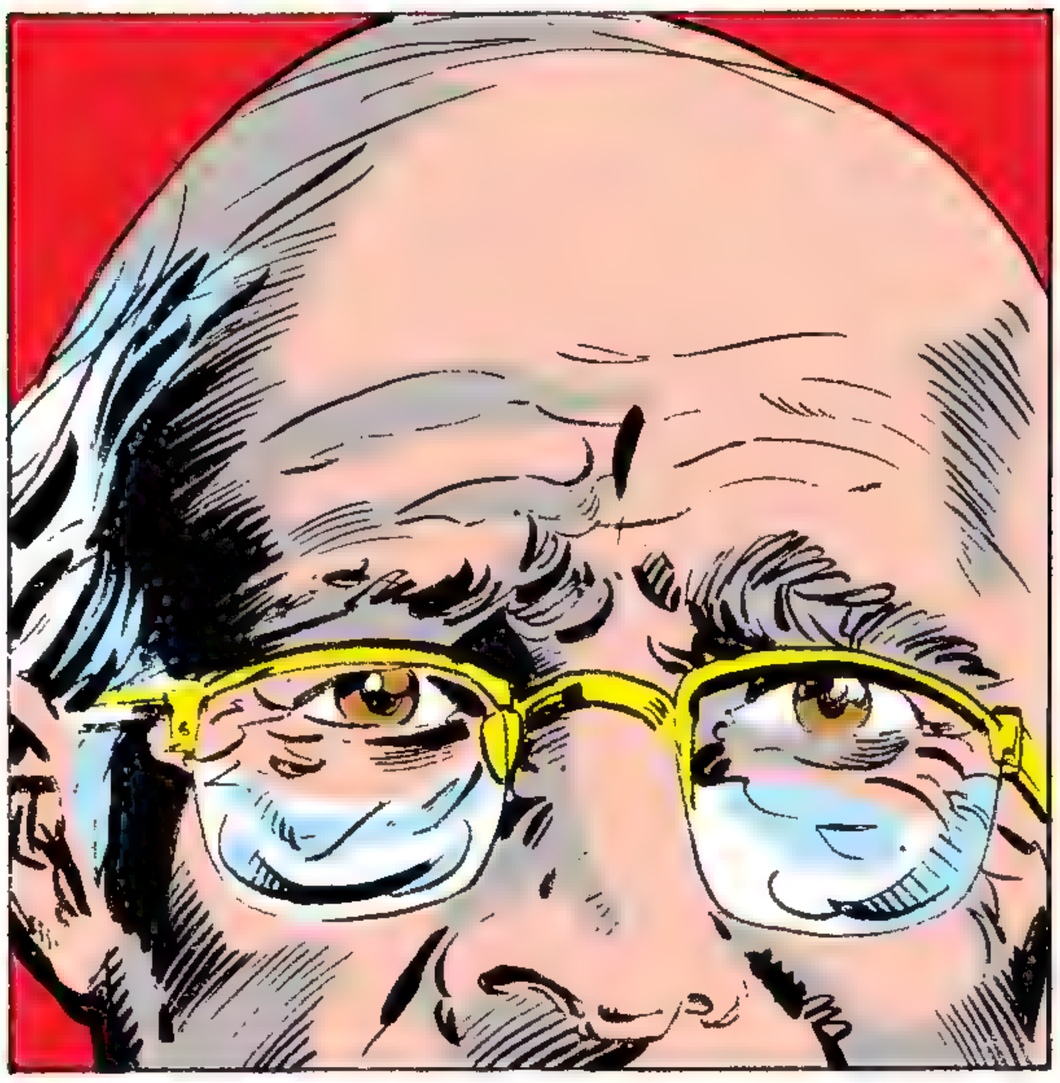
BUT THE MEDICINE'S *VERY* EXPENSIVE. WE NEED MONEY-- AS MUCH AS YOU HAVE ON YOU, PREFERABLY.

HOLY...

I ONLY HAVE *ONE* THING ON ME...

BUT I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO *SHARE* IT WITH YOU.

BLAM BLAM BLAM



WORLD TRADE CENTER. WORLD TRADE CENTER, LAST STOP.

LAST STOP.

NO MORE PASSENGERS, PLEASE. THIS TRAIN IS NOW OUT OF SERVICE.

ALL PASSENGERS SHOULD NOW LEAVE THE TRAIN.

A SPECIAL BULLETIN. **WNBC** HAS JUST LEARNED EXCLUSIVELY THAT POLICE SERGEANT **STAN CARTER**, THE SIN-EATER SUSPECT, WILL BE **MOVED** THIS AFTERNOON TO RIKER'S ISLAND.

THE 14TH PRECINCT, WHERE CARTER IS CURRENTLY HELD, IS DEEMED UNSAFE DUE TO THE RARIFIED NATURE OF--

GREAT. JUST GREAT. D'ANGELO'LL HAVE KITTENS WHEN HE HEARS THIS LEAKED.

AND THAT MOB OUTSIDE LOOKS READY TO *LYNCH* STAN--OR WHERE *IS* D'ANGELO, ANYWAY?

IN HIS OFFICE, WITH *DA* TOWER, THE COMMANDER, AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

"AN AGENT OF *SHIELD*."

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, JAMES BOND-- YOU'RE SAYING CARTER COULD GO FREE?

NO. BUT I'M SAYING THAT CARTER MAY NOT HAVE BEEN IN HIS RIGHT MIND.

GREAT. CARE TO EXPLAIN THAT?

CERTAINLY, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY. DURING HIS TIME AT *SHIELD*, STAN WAS IN *R&D*.

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT? OF WHAT?

THE EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH GAINED FROM SUCH DRUGS SUCH AS *PCP* OR ANGEL DUST. USERS REPORTEDLY BECOME UNSTOPPABLE JUGGERNAUTS IN SOME INSTANCES.

STAN AND SEVERAL OTHERS WERE INJECTED WITH MODIFICATIONS OF *PCP* TO SEE IF IT COULD BE USED SAFELY.

GOOD GRIEF. THAT'S *FRIGHTENING*.

R&D EVENTUALLY *AGREED* WITH YOU. THE TEST-DRUG IMPROVED STRENGTH, AND ENDURANCE, BUT WAS JUDGED TOO UNSTABLE. SIDE-EFFECTS SEEMED TOO NUMEROUS AND UNPREDICTABLE.

STAN DIDN'T TAKE THE DISCONTINUANCE OF THE PROGRAM VERY WELL.

STAN COMPLAINED THOSE IN AUTHORITY ACTED CAPRICIOUSLY. TOYED WITH PEOPLE'S LIVES. HE BECAME... WELL... VIOLENT.

WE THOUGHT, WHEN STAN LEFT THAT THERE WAS NO TRACE OF THE DRUGS IN HIS SYSTEM...

BUT IT'S POSSIBLE WE WERE WRONG, AND THAT THE RECENT DEATH OF HIS PARTNER...

UNHINGED HIM. WONDER-FUL.

JUST WONDERFUL. I'VE GOT A POLITICAL AND PR HOT POTATO...

AND NOW YOU'RE SAYING BECAUSE YOUR SCIENTISTS SCREWED UP...

I MAY HAVE TO ACCEPT AN INSANITY PLEA. THE PUBLIC'S GOING TO CRUCIFY US!

THIS LUNATIC KILLS BLACK PRIESTS, FOR PITY'S SAKE. BUT IT'S POSSIBLE THAT THE DOCTORS COULD CERTIFY HIM "OKAY" AFTER A YEAR OF MEDICAL OBSERVATION...

AND HE COULD WALK WITH NO JAIL TIME. IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLING ME?

YES, I AM.

SWELL. NOW TELL THEM!

KRASH

WHERE THE BLAZES IS THAT RIKER'S TRUCK?! THEY'RE THROWING BRICKS!

COMING 'ROUND NOW, SIR.

BRING 'EM ROUND BACK. BREAK OUT SHIELDS AND RIOT CLUBS GENTLEMEN...

WE'RE UNDER SIEGE!

POLICE

IT'S GOOD ROBBIE PULLED ME OFF THAT MAN-IN-THE-STREET STUFF. THIS IS WHERE THE ACTION IS.

I WONDER HOW THEY'D FEEL IF THEY WERE ME... SUCKERED BY CARTER ALL ALONG THE WAY.

FOR INSTANCE, IF I'D BEEN THINKING, I'D HAVE REALIZED HE FAKED THAT CALL FROM BALLISTICS...

...SINCE YOU CAN'T MATCH AMMO FIRED FROM THAT TYPE OF GUN!

AND HIS CRACKS ABOUT BEING A SUSPECT, AND "UNOBVIOUS NUTS."

IT BURNS ME TO THINK HE WAS YANKING MY--UH-OH. SPIDEY SENSE WARNING ME...

DAREDEVIL! BETTER HIDE MY CAMERA!

YOU'VE GOT *GUTS*, COMING HERE. WHAT DID YOU MEAN WHEN YOU CALLED ME A CRIMINAL? AND MAKE IT GOOD OR I'LL CLEAN YOUR CLOCK FOR YOU!

MOST EVERYONE BELIEVES YOU'RE A CROOK, RIGHT, SPIDEY? BUT IF YOU WERE ARRESTED, WOULDN'T YOU DESERVE YOUR DAY IN *COURT?*

OR SHOULD YOU HAVE BEEN JUST TURNED OVER TO MOB JUSTICE? THE SAME TYPE OF MOB THAT WANTS STAN CARTER NOW.

I'M NOT STAN CARTER. BIG DIFFERENCE.

NOT IN *MY* EYES!

UH-OH. SPEAKING OF EYES, CAST YOURS DOWN THERE.

POL

JUS-TICE! JUS-TICE! JUS-TICE!

YOU'RE ALL IN IT *TOGETHER*! YOU'RE PROTECTING THAT SICKO! BRING HIM OUT!

BRING HIM OUT! BRING HIM OUT!

BRING HIM OUT! HURRY UP! WHILE THE CROWD'S DISTRACTED AROUND FRONT.

GOOD THING HE'S HEAVILY SEDATED. I WOULDN'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH SOMEONE WHO COULD GO THREE ROUNDS WITH SPIDER-MAN.

THAT'S HIM!

THAT'S THE CRUMB WHO KILLED MY DAUGHTER!

GET HIM! GET HIM FOR JEAN!

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HIM!

SO?

CLEAR OUT, YOU PEOPLE! NOW!!

ANOTHER COSTUMED NUT! HE MUST BE THE COP'S *PAL!*

GET HIM!

SO MANY PEOPLE. RADAR SENSE IS COMPLETELY BOGGLED. I'M... I'M BLIND.

I'M CLOSING MY EYES. I WON'T WATCH.

BUT IS IT BECAUSE I'M AFRAID I'LL GO DOWN AND RESCUE CARTER--OR BECAUSE I'LL ENJOY SEEING HIM GET HIS JUST REWARDS.

LET *DAREDEVIL* SAVE HIM, HE'S SO WILD ABOUT CARTER. I WASH MY HANDS OF IT.

SPIDER-MAN!!

NO GOOD! HE DOESN'T SEE OR HEAR ME... OR DOES NOT WANT TO. BUT I NEED HIS HELP, DESPERATELY.

UNCLE BEN... GWENDY... CAPTAIN STACY... NOW JEAN... I'VE LOST SO MANY LOVED ONES TO CRIMINALS.

I USE MY POWER TO PROTECT INNOCENTS. NOT... ANIMALS LIKE SIN-EATER.

IF I DID, THEN I WOULDN'T BE WORTHY OF THE NAME--

SPIDER-MAN!!

PETER!!

A NAME, CALLED OUT AS A LAST RESORT. A NAME THAT IS UNHEEDED BY ALL...

ALL SAVE THE MAN TO WHOM IT WAS ADDRESSED...

PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR--

SPIDER-MUNNGGHH!

ONE SIDE! I HAVE TO SAVE MY IDIOT FRIEND, HERE.

SIN-EATER. HAVE TO GET HIM.

I SEE HIM. BUT JEAN'S STEP-DAD SAW HIM FIRST.

YOU SLIME! YOU'LL NEVER ROB ANYONE OF THEIR CHILD AGAIN!

Y'HEAR, GARBAGE? NEVER AGAIN!

IF I HAD ANY CHOICE, FELLA, I'D HELP YOU.

BUT MY CHUM WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT THE MAN WHO'S WEARING YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON HIS THROAT.

BESIDES, MUCH AS IT HURTS...

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.

MINUTES LATER, THE CROWD HAS BEEN DISPERSED AND STAN CARTER SAFELY LOADED ONTO A TRUCK...

SPIDER-MAN, I'M SORRY I SHOUTED OUT LIKE THAT. I HAD TO DO SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU REALIZE HOW BAD THE SITUATION WAS.

NO HARM DONE, DD. ALTHOUGH I NEVER EXPECTED THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TO PANIC.

NO FEAR. THAT'S ME. BUT DESPERATION -- THAT I HAVE LOADS OF.

SO... "PETER," HUH?

YUP. AND IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING, MY HANDLE IS...

...MATT MURDOCK.

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? I MEAN... MURDOCK'S BLIND...

... I MEAN...

...THAT IS...

... UH, LET'S GO SOMEPLACE AND TALK ABOUT THIS...

SOMETIME LATER--

FAINTLY ACRID, BUT A NICE APART-MENT.

BOY, YOU REALLY *MUST* BE BLIND. AND YEAH, I HAD A FIRE RECENTLY.

LET ME UNDERSTAND-- YOU COULD TELL WHEN YOU HEARD MY HEART-BEAT AS PETER PARKER AND LATER AS SPIDER-MAN THAT WE WERE THE SAME GUY? THAT'S SOME POWER. WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

LISTENING.

THANKS AGAIN FOR SAVING MY HASH BACK THERE.

YOU STUCK UP FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVED. I COULDN'T LET THEM *KILL* YOU JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE DOING WHAT YOU FELT WAS *RIGHT*.

THEY FELT WHAT *THEY* WERE DOING WAS RIGHT. ARE YOU SAYING I WAS *MORE* RIGHT THAN THEY

I HESITATED. IF YOU HADN'T BEEN DOWN THERE, I DON'T KNOW IF I WOULD HAVE SAVED STAN. YOU... YOU WERE AN INNOCENT. STAN WASN'T.

UNDER THE LAW HE WAS. WE HAVE TO HAVE OUR *SYSTEM*, PETER, OR IT FALLS APART. AND, IF IT DOESN'T WORK, WE *MAKE* IT WORK. WE DON'T JUST IGNORE IT.

AGAIN, PETER, WHAT IF IT WERE *SPIDER-MAN*, ACCUSED CRIM-INAL, WITH HIS HEAD ON THE BLOCK. OR--

RRING

HOLD ON, MATT. HELLO?

WH--AUNT MAY! *HOLD* IT. SLOW DOWN. WHAT--?

ERNIE POPCHIK'S UNDER *ARREST*? *WHY*?

HE SHOT *WHO*?

THREE TEENAGERS, PETER. THE WOUNDS AREN'T SERIOUS, BUT THE BOYS ARE IN THE *HOSPITAL*.

ERNIE TURNED HIMSELF IN--SAID IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE, BUT THE BOYS WEREN'T *ARMED*. OH, PETER--

HE'S IN *TERRIBLE* TROUBLE. HE CAN'T AFFORD A LAWYER. WHAT WILL WE DO?

MRS. PARKER? MATT MURDOCK-- I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR.

YES, *THAT* MATT MURDOCK. MRS. PARKER, A LAWYER WILL BE PROVIDED *FREE* FOR MR. POPCHIK.

NO, IT WON'T BE ME. BUT I'LL HELP TO SEE HE GETS THE FAIREST SHAKE POSSIBLE. I'D LIKE TO PROVE TO YOUR NEPHEW HERE THAT THE SYSTEM WORKS.

I'LL KEEP AN OPEN MIND.

THAT'S ALL I ASK, PETER. NOW, MRS. PARKER, AS I WAS SAYING-- CAN I CALL YOU *MAY*--?

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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE
AUTHORITY

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN®

PART 1

BEGINNING AN ALL-NEW, ALL-DARING 3-PART SAGA!

SIN-EATER RELEASED!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!™

SIN-CERE

THEY THINK YOU'RE CURED, STAN, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO.
WE'RE A TEAM. LIKE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO. JEKYLL AND HYDE. SODOM AND GOMORRAH. THEY'LL NEVER BREAK US UP.
NEVER.

PETER DAVID — WRITER
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VINCE COLLETTA — INKS
RICK PARKER — LETTERING
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NEVER MIND WHAT THOSE SHRINKS DECIDE AT THEIR BOARD MEETING TODAY. THE GUY STILL GIVES ME THE CREEPS. JUST SITTING ALONE THERE.

DOES THIS STAN CARTER GUY EVER HAVE VISITORS?

NAH. HE NEVER SEES ANYBODY.

LOOK AT THOSE GODLESS HEATHENS. STARING AT US AS IF WE'RE SOME SORT OF FREAKS.

NO ONE PATRONIZES THE SIN-EATER! IF I HAD MY GUN, I'D BLOW THEM AWAY!

YES, I KNOW YOU WOULD. B-BUT I WOULDN'T.

I'M TELLING YOU. HE WOULDN'T HARM ANY LIVING BEING. STAN CARTER IS A CHANGED MAN. WE HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO HIM.

WE HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO SOCIETY, DR. COSTELLO. A SOCIETY THAT WOULDN'T APPRECIATE A MADMAN RUNNING AROUND AMONG THEM.

I, AH, HAVE TO AGREE WITH DR. KALISH, COSTELLO.

COULD YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT WITH THIS CARTER GUY RUNNING AROUND LOOSE?

COULD YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT, DR. BANK... DR. KALISH... KNOWING THAT A MAN WHO IS MERELY MISUNDERSTOOD IS BEING HELD HERE AT OUR MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY?

MISUNDERSTOOD?! DOCTOR, YOU'RE MAKING YOUR PATIENT OUT TO BE HELEN OF TROY. HE'S NOT.

THAT'S FOR SURE. I'M TREATING HELEN OF TROY, AND SHE LOOKS NOTHING LIKE YOUR MAN.

OH, YOU'RE A RIOT, BANK.

LOOK, WE'RE ALL TRAINED PSYCHIATRISTS HERE. WE'RE TRYING TO DECIDE A MAN'S FUTURE. WE HAVE TO BE DISPASSIONATE, NOW, HAVE YOU ALL REVIEWED STAN CARTER'S FILE CAREFULLY?

I, UH, MUST ADMIT I WAS SOMEWHAT TIED UP LAST NIGHT.

REALLY, LOPEZ? WHO WON THE GAME?

METS OVER ATLANTA, 5-3. SO, COULD SOMEONE FILL ME IN, PLEASE, ON THIS PATIENT'S BACKGROUND?

TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM THE SPORTSCHANNEL SOMETIMES, LOPEZ, AND YOU WOULDN'T ALWAYS NEED TO BE FILLED IN.

IF YOU READ NEWSPAPERS OR WATCHED THE NEWS YOU'D ALREADY KNOW ALL ABOUT THE SIN-EATER CASE.

"IT BEGAN WITH STAN CARTER, A FORMER AGENT WITH SOME SPY OUTFIT CALLED ***SHIELD***. HE PARTICIPATED IN A DRUG-TESTING PROGRAM THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO INCREASE HUMAN STRENGTH AND STAMINA.

"IT DIDN'T SUCCEED. CARTER WENT BERSERK. THE PROGRAM WAS DISCONTINUED AND THE DRUGS WERE SUPPOSEDLY PURGED FROM CARTER'S SYSTEM.

"CARTER LEFT ***SHIELD*** SHORTLY THEREAFTER AND BECAME A NEW YORK CITY POLICE DETECTIVE. EVERYTHING WAS FINE...

"UNTIL CARTER'S PARTNER WAS KILLED. THE SHOCK SENT CARTER, A DEEPLY RELIGIOUS MAN, INTO AN EXTREME STATE OF DEPRESSION.

"HE STARTED DRINKING HEAVILY. THAT, COMBINED WITH HIS MENTAL STATE, REACTIVATED THE DORMANT EFFECTS OF THE DRUGS. IN PSYCHOANALYTIC TERMS, CARTER EXPERIENCED WHAT WE CALL 'FLASHBACK.'

"DETERMINED TO WIPE AWAY THE SINS OF WHAT HE SAW AS A CORRUPT HUMANITY, HE ADOPTED THE PERSONA OF THE SIN-EATER. CLASSIC CASE OF DISPLACED AGGRESSION.

"HIS FIRST VICTIM WAS POLICE CAPTAIN JEAN DeWOLFF. WE'VE NEVER FIGURED OUT WHY, EXCEPT PERHAPS THAT SHE REPRESENTED A LAW-ENFORCEMENT SYSTEM WHICH HAD ALLOWED CARTER'S PARTNER TO DIE.

"HIS KILLING SPREE CONTINUED. HE GUNNED DOWN A JUDGE.

"AND INNOCENT BY-STANDERS DURING A FIGHT WITH THE MASKED VIGILANTE, SPIDER-MAN.

"TAKING AN INTEREST IN THE CASE, SPIDER-MAN BEGAN WORKING WITH THE DETECTIVE ASSIGNED TO THE SIN-EATER CASE... IRONICALLY, STAN CARTER.

"FUELED BY DISPLACED RELIGIOUS FERVOR, CARTER SAW SIN EVERYWHERE. HIS NEXT VICTIM WAS A PRIEST...

"AND HE ALMOST KILLED A HELPLESS SECRETARY UNTIL SPIDER-MAN ONCE AGAIN INTERVENED.

"THE SECRETARY, BETTY LEEDS, GAVE A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION IN A 'DAILY BUGLE' INTERVIEW. SHE SAID SPIDER-MAN WAS OBSESSED WITH PUNISHING THE SIN-EATER.

"HE BEAT UP CARTER, UNMASKED HIM. AND WHEN CARTER, BROKEN, TRIED TO APOLOGIZE FOR HIS ACTIONS...

"SPIDER-MAN DIDN'T CARE. HE SAID--"

DON'T GIVE ME SORRY! TELL IT TO THE JUDGE...

...OR TO THE PRIEST.

OR BETTER YET...

TELL IT TO JEAN DE WOLFF!

"THE LEEDS WOMAN, WHO SEEMED FAMILIAR WITH SPIDER-MAN, SAID SHE HAD NEVER SEEN HIM SO FURIOUS.

WHAMM

"CARTER SEEMED TO HAVE THIS EFFECT ON EVERYONE.

"BECAUSE LATER A MOB OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION TRIED TO KILL CARTER.

"CURIOUSLY, SPIDER-MAN HIMSELF SAVED CARTER...ALTHOUGH HIS MAIN AIM SEEMED TO BE IN SAVING ANOTHER COSTUMED ADVENTURER, DAREDEVIL."

THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL. WILL SPIDER-MAN SAVE US, TOO, WHEN THE LYNCH MOB COMES FOR US?

BECAUSE WE TOOK A MANIAC AND KICKED HIM LOOSE AFTER A YEAR?

GREAT ATTITUDE, DOCTOR. WE'RE GOING TO LET FEAR OF REPRISALS STOP US FROM DOING WHAT'S RIGHT?

BUT ARE WE SURE?

SHIELD HAS THOROUGHLY TESTED CARTER. THEY ASSURE ME THAT NOT ONE TRACE OF THE DRUGS WHICH DID THIS TO HIM REMAINS IN HIS BODY.

NOTHING COULD CAUSE A RELAPSE. NOT ALCOHOL, NOT OTHER DRUGS... NOTHING.

HE'LL STILL NEED CLOSE TABS KEPT ON HIM... REGULAR COUNSELING SESSIONS. BUT WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN FOR HIM HERE.

NERVOUS, STAN? A GROUP OF PSEUDO-INTELLECTUALS BUSY DECIDING YOUR FATE AND YOU SIT HERE HELPLESSLY.

I WISH I COULD GIVE THEM SOME .45 CALIBER CONVINCING. I'D--EH?

STAN?

STAN... HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO HOME?

I'D LIKE THAT, D-D-DOCTOR.

VERY MUCH.

ELSEWHERE...

HAVE TO DO THESE QUICK, BEFORE *PETER* GETS HOME.

SHUTTER SPEED SET. TIMER SET. MARY JANE, YOU NEWLY-WED VIXEN YOU... YOU'VE STILL *GOT* IT.

I KEEP *TELLING* PETER HE'S WASTING TIME TAKING ALL THOSE NEWS PHOTOS.

IT MADE *SOME* SENSE WHEN HE WAS TAKING PIX OF HIMSELF IN ACTION AS *SPIDER-MAN*, BUT THAT WHOLE BIT'S WORN AWFULLY *THIN*.

THE *BIG* MONEY'S IN SHOOTING PORTRAITS. MODEL PORTFOLIOS. BUT HE NEEDS TO BE *CONVINCED*.

AND IT'S UP TO HIS MODEL/ ACTRESS WIFE TO DO THE *CONVINCING*.

HAH! THESE'LL DO *MORE* THAN CONVINCE HIM.

THESE'LL DRIVE HIM RIGHT UP A WALL.

IT'S SO **BIZARRE**. FOR THE LONGEST TIME I COULDN'T *IMAGINE* WHAT BEING MARRIED WOULD BE LIKE.

NOW I CAN'T IMAGINE MY LIFE WITH PETER NOT IN THE PICTURE.

I THOUGHT I'D FEEL TRAPPED, BUT INSTEAD HAVING SOMEONE LOVE ME FOR MYSELF... IT'S *FREED* ME.

I'M LOOKING AT THINGS FROM AN ENTIRELY NEW PERSPECTIVE N--

OOOWWWW!

PETER PARKER! YOU NEARLY GAVE ME A **STROKE**!

THAT'S NOT ALL I'LL GIVE YOU.

YOU **BRUTE**! YOU PUT ME DOWN THIS MIN--

--MIN--

MMMMMMMM...

MEANWHILE...

THEY THOUGHT THEY COULD HOLD ME. THE IDIOTS. NO ONE HOLDS MAX DILLON.

EVER SINCE THE FREAK ACCIDENT THAT GAVE ME CONTROL OVER ELECTRICITY, I'VE CALLED ALL THE SHOTS.

AW, CRIPES. WHO AM I KIDDING? EVERY TIME I PUT ON THAT STUPID YELLOW AND GREEN COSTUME OF MINE, EVERY TIME I BECOME ELECTRO...

"... SPIDER-MAN CLEANS MY CLOCK.

" WHAT GOOD IS HAVING MILLIONS OF VOLTS AT MY FINGERTIPS WHEN THAT WALL-CRAWLING FREAK ALWAYS HUMILIATES ME? I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO PAY HIM BACK FOR ALL THOSE DEFEATS.

IF I HAD HIM AT MY MERCY I WOULDN'T KILL HIM. THAT WOULD BE TOO QUICK. HE'D HAVE TO SUFFER...

BUT WHY THINK ABOUT IT? I'M GETTING SOME QUICK BUCKS AND GETTING OUT OF TOWN.

CROWN JEWELERS

AND SINCE MY COSTUME ALWAYS BRINGS SPIDER-MAN OR THOSE SUPER-TYPES RUNNING, THIS TIME, I'LL BE... SUBTLE.

MAY I HELP YOU, SIR?

NO. I'LL HELP *MYSELF*...

...TO ALL THAT STUFF IN THOSE FANCY *CASES* OF YOURS. EMPTY THEM OUT. LET'S *GO.*

OH, COME *ON*, SIR. THIS IS A RESPECTABLE ESTABLISHMENT. YOU COULD AT *LEAST* USE A RESPECTABLE WEAPON.

ZZAP!

HE WAS HALF-RIGHT. THE GUN'S HARMLESS. BUT THE ELECTRICITY I'M FUNNELING THROUGH IT ISN'T.

OH, MY LORD! *MYRON!*

KLUD

MYRON MADE JOKES. YOU GONNA MAKE JOKES, TOO?

NO, SIR.

MOVE FASTER.

YES, SIR.

MEANWHILE...

FINE. YOU GO EAT RAW FISH.

PETER, AT LEAST TRY SUSHI?

WHEN WENDY'S GOES OUT OF--

OH, NO. THAT HEADLINE.

NO, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THOSE IDIOTS!!

PETER, YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET! WHAT'S WRONG?

WHAT'S WRONG IS THAT YOUR BOY-FRIEND IS CRINKLING MY PAPER.

CAN HE CRINKLE IF I PAY FOR IT?

HE CAN MAKE A HAT OUT OF IT FOR ALL I CARE.

DAILY BUGLE

SIN-EATER RELEASED

BARELY A YEAR AND HE'S ALREADY WALKING THE STREETS! IT'S A MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE, IS EVERYONE INSANE?

ACCORDING TO THIS, NOT EVERYONE. JUST THIS SIN-EATER GUY, WHO WAS FOUND NOT GUILTY BY REASON OF INSANITY AND COMMITTED.

SO A BUNCH OF DOCTORS DECIDE HE'S OKAY, AND HE WALKS.

IT CUTS BOTH WAYS, LOVER. IN "ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST," THE MENTAL HOSPITAL COULD LOCK JACK NICHOLSON AWAY INDEFINITELY.

BY THE SAME TOKEN, IF THEY BELIEVE YOU'RE CURED, YOU CAN WIND UP DOING LESS THAN A REGULAR JAIL SENTENCE WOULD HAVE BEEN.

THIS ARTICLE SAYS *SHIELD* EXPERTS SWEAR THAT NEW TECHNIQUES GOT ALL THE CHEMICALS OUT OF HIS SYSTEM. THE ONES THAT CAUSED HIS ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOR--

ANTISOCIAL! THAT SLIME KILLED *JEAN DEWOLFF*. SHE WAS A *FRIEND*, MARY JANE. I DON'T HAVE TOO MANY TO BEGIN WITH, AND HE KILLED HER!

AND I'M *NOT* GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT.

PETER, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU *TALKING* ABOUT? THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO.

OH, YES I *CAN*. I CAN PUT ON THE SUIT AND GO TO CARTER. TELL HIM *SPIDER-MAN* WILL BE WATCHING HIS EVERY MOVE--

WHAT ARE YOU, SOME CAPED CRUSADER? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FOLLOW HIM EVERYWHERE... *ARE* YOU?

OF COURSE NOT. BUT *HE* DOESN'T KNOW THAT.

I WANT HIM TO BE *NERVOUS*. I WANT HIM LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER, AFRAID TO MAKE A MOVE BECAUSE SPIDER-MAN MIGHT BE HIDING IN THE SHADOWS.

PETER, YOU'RE... YOU'RE *SCARING* ME.

SORRY. YOU'RE NOT THE ONE I HAD IN MIND TO SCARE.

LATER, HON.

SHORTLY, AT THE PARKER APARTMENT...

THANKS FOR THE ADDRESS, ROBBIE. YEAH, YOU BET...

I'LL GET SOME *GREAT* SHOTS OF CARTER.

BUT FIRST I'LL TAKE SOME SHOTS AT HIM.

I JUST REALIZED.. IF MJ AND I FIND A NEW PLACE, I'LL NEED A HANDY SPIDEY EXIT LIKE THIS BATHROOM SKYLIGHT.

I HATED RUNNING OUT ON HER LIKE THAT. BUT SHE *WASN'T* GOING TO UNDERSTAND.

HOW *COULD* SHE, WHEN EVEN *I* DON'T UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY.

WHEN I FIRST MET STAN CARTER, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WHOLE JEAN DEWOLFF MURDER CASE, I THOUGHT I'D FOUND A FRIEND IN HIM.

THWIP

INSTEAD IT TURNED OUT *STAN* WAS THE MURDERER -- THAT HE WAS JUST PLAYING ME FOR A FOOL. HE KEPT ME SUCKERED WHILE PEOPLE KEPT DYING.

SO WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? DYING *PEOPLE*, OR INJURED *PRIDE*?

MAYBE MJ IS RIGHT. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST LET IT-- HMMM. WHAT'S ALL THAT *NOISE* UP AHEAD?

YEP. STAN CARTER'S PLACE, ALL RIGHT.

THIS IS KATEY TONG WITH A LIVE REMOTE...

...OUTSIDE THE HOME OF THE NEWLY-RELEASED STAN CARTER...

--DECIDED AGAINST A HALFWAY HOUSE DUE TO THE--

GENTLEMEN, LADIES, PLEASE. I'M SCOTT ROSENBERG, MR. CARTER'S PERSONAL AGENT. HE HAS NO STATEMENT AT THIS TIME--

AGENT? HE'S GOT A *P.R.* MAN?!

INCREDIBLE! HE'S GOT HIMSELF AN AGENT, LIKE HE WAS A CELEBRITY!

NEXT THING YOU KNOW, HE'LL BE ON "LIFESTYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS!"

MY INSTINCTS WERE RIGHT ON THE BUTTON.

JUST WAIT'LL I SEE THAT MONEY-GRUBBING, MURDERING GLORY HOUND.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL.

ALL RIGHT. THIS ISN'T MY USUAL STYLE. I'LL TALK IN A LOW VOICE, LIKE THE SHADOW OR SOMETHING.

CARTER...

I THOUGHT WE SHOULD HAVE A LITTLE *CHAT*, CARTER. I--

OH, MY GOD.

SPIDER-MAN. IT'S G-G-GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

C-CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING TO D-DRINK. C-C-COFEE? ICED TEA?

CARTER? WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED TO YOU?

I'M SORRY. WHAT D-DID YOU SAY? OBVIOUSLY, I C-C-CAN'T SEE YOUR MOUTH THROUGH YOUR MASK.

SINCE I'M P-P-PARTLY D-*DEAF*, I'M RELYING ON LIP-READING SOMEWHAT.

MAYBE SOME ESPRESSO?

HE'S A MESS. BOY, THIS KIND OF THING NEVER HAPPENS TO BATMAN.

HOW DID ALL THIS HAPPEN TO YOU, CARTER? THE STUTTER, THE LIMP, THE HEAR-ING... DID THIS HAPPEN IN THE INSTITUTION?

THANKS FOR SPEAKING UP. TO ANSWER YOUR Q-QUESTION, MY FRIEND...

THEY D-D-DIDN'T HURT ME THERE. THEY C-C-CURED ME.

THEN WHO--?

YOU. OUR LAST FIGHT. YOU B-BROKE MY C-CLAVICLE, MY JAW, MY INNER EAR... OY, WAS I A WRECK.

B-BUT YOU D-D-DID RIGHT. I D-*DESERVED* IT. C-COFFEE?

NO. DON'T YOU *DARE.*

DON'T YOU *DARE* LAY A GUILT TRIP ON ME. NOT WHEN YOU'VE GOT A MANAGER READY TO TRY MAKING *MONEY* FOR YOU--!

STILL D-DOWN THERE? HE'S NO MANAGER OF MINE. B-B-BOOKS TALK SHOWS. HE WON'T G-GO AWAY. HE WANTS ME TO LIVE OFF THE HORRIBLE THINGS I D-D-DID.

WHEN I THINK OF THOSE P- PEOPLE. OF JEAN...

OH, SPIDER-MAN, D-*DON'T* FEEL G-GUILTY. I D-DESERVED WHAT YOU D-DID TO ME. EVERY C-CRACKED B-BONE, EVERY LOST TOOTH, THE INTERNAL B-BLEEDING, THE--

NO! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!

HA-HA-HAAAAAH! THAT WAS *BEAUTIFUL*, STAN! HE COULD DISH IT OUT, BUT HE SURE COULDN'T TAKE IT.

HE HAS A C-CONSCIENCE! NOT LIKE *YOU*, YOU IDIOT!

MONSTER!!

HAHAHAHA

ELSEWHERE...

C'MON, LAUGHING BOY. YOU'RE ONLY MY SECOND STOP TODAY. I GOT **LOTS** MORE BUSINESS TO CONDUCT.

I'VE UH, NEVER SEEN A GUN LIKE THAT **BEFORE!**

ZZZZAP!

YOU NEVER WILL AGAIN. THAT'S FOR TRIPPING THE SILENT ALARM. YOU CAN'T SLIP ANY USE OF ELECTRICITY PAST **ME.**

UH-OH. **COPS.**

SALE

STILL, I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN. IF I WAS IN **COSTUME** THEY'D PROBABLY HAVE CALLED THE **AVENGERS** OR SOMETHING.

THAT'S **HIM**, FRANK. MATCHES THE DESCRIPTION OF THE GUY WHO KNOCKED OVER CROWN JEWELERS THIS MORNING, RIGHT DOWN TO THE WEIRD TASER GUN.

TASER, HUH? EVER SEE A TASER THAT CAN DO--

-- **THIS?**

ZZZZAT!

ZZZAP

WHAT A SHOCK. I'VE GOTTA PULL MYSELF TOGETHER. BEFORE I HIT A **BUILDING** OR SOMETHING.

BUT **HOW?** I'VE JUST SEEN MY WORST NIGHTMARE LIMPING AND STUTTERING IN A DINGY APARTMENT, TELLING ME NOT TO FEEL GUILTY BECAUSE I PERMANENTLY CRIPPLED HIM.

EVER SINCE MY STRENGTH INCREASED WHEN THAT RADIOACTIVE SPIDER BIT ME, I'VE HAD TO *PULL* MY PUNCHES.

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT MY CONTROL IS *SLIPPING* AFTER ALL THIS TIME? AND IF THAT'S THE CASE...

THEN I MIGHT BECOME THE MENACE I'M ALWAYS *ACCUSED* OF BEING.

WHAT'S THAT? SOME SORT OF LIGHTNING--?

I REALLY DON'T FEEL LIKE CHECKING IT OUT. STILL...

...I CAN'T AFFORD TO PASS UP *ANY* PHOTO OPPORTUNITY THESE DAYS.

NYPD

ANOTHER COP CAR? WELL, DON'T WORRY. I GOT PLENTY MORE WHERE *THIS* CAME FROM.

I SHOULD HAVE *KNOWN*. HE MAY BE IN CIVVIES, BUT I'D RECOGNIZE ELECTRO *ANY-WHERE*.

THWIPP

I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S WAVING A TOY GUN, AND FRANKLY I DON'T MUCH CARE.

I'M FEELING SO SHAKEY I JUST WANT TO NAIL HIM AND BE *DONE* WITH IT.

HE HASN'T REALIZED I'M HERE YET. *PERFECT.* IF I TRY TO WEB HIM, HE'LL JUST FRY THE WEB OFF.

BUY PHYSICALLY THERE'S NOTHING *SPECIAL* ABOUT HIM.

I CAN TAKE HIM OUT WITH ONE PUNCH.

HI THERE!

HUH?

WAP

YOU CALL *THAT* A PUNCH?! MY FIVE-YEAR-OLD *NEPHEW* PUNCHES HARDER!

HE... HE'S *RIGHT!* I BARELY *TAPPED* HIM!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, SPIDER-MAN, BUT IF YOU DON'T WANNA FIGHT, *FINE!*

I'LL *TOAST* YOU WHERE YOU *STAND!*

WHAT'SA MATTER, WEB-SLINGER? LOSE YOUR **TONGUE** ALONG WITH YOUR **PUNCH?**

KRAK!

WHY'D I PULL MY PUNCH SO MUCH? HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO PUSSYFOOT AROUND WITH. NEED SOME DISTANCE--!

WELL, WITH ALL THE VOLTS FLYING AROUND, SPARKY, I FIGURED YOU DIDN'T NEED MORE **STATIC** FROM ME.

CAN'T LET HIM KNOW HOW RATTLED I AM.

STATIC?

ZZZKOWL

OF **COURSE!** **STATIC!** THAT'S **GOT** TO BE IT!

NOW WHAT'S HE BLATHERING ABOUT?

STATIC **ELECTRICITY!** **MINE!** ALL **MINE!**

AW, NO! I--

I'M NOT STICKING TO THE **WALL!**

THWIPP

ZZZAP

DANCE, SPIDER-MAN! DANCE TO *MY* TUNE FOR A CHANGE!

YOU BEAT ME IN THE PAST, BUT THAT'S ALL IT IS! THE *PAST!*

AND NOW WE'RE TALKING *CURRENT* EVENTS!

I BEAT *SPIDER-MAN!* AT LAST!

AT LAST!

BLOOM'S

I *DID* IT! I HIT HIM WITH ENOUGH VOLTS TO DROP AN ELEPHANT!

KRASH!

THWUD

AND IT WAS SO EASY, ONCE I FINALLY FIGURED OUT HE STICKS TO WALLS THROUGH AN ADVANCED FORM OF STATIC ELECTRICITY.

NO STICKUM... JUST STRAIGHT MOLECULAR ADHESION.

AND I'M THE *MASTER* OF ELECTRICITY--

--EVEN THE *STATIC* KIND-- ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SEVER THAT ADHESION AND PRESTO! NO MORE WALLCRAWLER.

HE'S STILL BREATHING! WELL, I'LL FINISH THE JOB HERE AND--

NO! NO, THAT'S TOO SIMPLE.

HE'S NO THREAT TO ME ANYMORE. I WANT HIM *ALIVE*. ALIVE TO KNOW THAT THIS TOWN-- AND HIS LIFE-- BELONG TO ME.

ME! ELECTRO!

NEXT: SIN THESIS

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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN®

PART 2

CONTINUING THE 3-PART SAGA OF THE SINISTER SIN-EATER!™

I DID IT!

I'VE BEATEN SPIDER-MAN! ELECTRO™ HAS FINALLY WON!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!™

SIN·THESIS

BEATEN.

AN UGLY WORD. AN UGLY **CONCEPT.**

HIS SKIN RAW AND BLISTERED, HIS MIND SPINNING, SPIDER-MAN HAS NOT YET FULLY GRASPED THE ABRUPTNESS AND TOTALITY OF HIS FAILURE AGAINST ONE OF HIS OLDEST ENEMIES.

AND THE UGLINESS OF THE WORD AND CONCEPT PALES NEXT TO THE UGLINESS OF THE **CROWD,** WHICH HAS LITTLE PATIENCE FOR FALLEN HEROES.

28 ST
PARK
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
NO TRUCKS

PETER DAVID / WRITER
SAL BUSCEMA / ARTIST
RICK PARKER / LETTERING
JANET JACKSON / COLORING
JIM SALICRUP / EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO / EDITOR IN CHIEF

FACED WITH A PRESENT TOO OVERWHELMING TO **CONTEM-PLATE**, SPIDER-MAN'S THOUGHTS WHIRL TO THE RECENT PAST...

HIS CONFRONTATION LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO WITH A RECENTLY DIS-CHARGED STAN CARTER.

A MEETING WHICH HAD REVEALED A HIDEOUS TRUTH-- THAT MONTHS AGO, WHEN THE WALL-CRAWLER HAD BRUTALLY DEFEATED CARTER IN CARTER'S GUISE OF THE MUR-DEROUS **SIN-EATER**...

...HE HAD PERMANENTLY CRIPPLED HIM.

THE KNOWLEDGE SEVERELY HANDI-CAPPED THE WEBSLINGER, GIVING HIM A MENTAL BLOCK AGAINST USING HIS STRENGTH...AT A TIME WHEN HE NEEDED IT MOST, BATTLING **ELECTRO.**

...AND, NEARLY **FATAL.**

THE FIGHT WAS BRIEF..

LEAVING SPIDEY TO THE **QUESTIONABLE** MERCIES OF THE CROWD.

LET'S **UNMASK** HIM! THERE'S PROBABLY A **REWARD** OR SOMETHING!

REWARD! WE'LL BE **CANONIZED.**

I'LL CANONIZE YOU, ALL RIGHT... WITH A REAL CANNON. NOW **BACK OFF!**

GET THIS! HE'S THREATENIN' **US!**

CAN YOU **BLAME** HIM? I DIDN'T SEE **YOU** RISKING YOUR LIFE TO STOP THAT LUNATIC WITH THE LIGHTNING BOLTS!

SPIDER-MAN **DID.** WE SHOULD BE **HELPING** HIM.

YEAH? WELL, THIS CREEP LANDED ON THE ROOF OF MY NEW CHRYSLER. **TRASHED** IT! THINK **HE** CARES? **HAH!** THINKS HE'S SO MUCH **BETTER** THAN THE REST OF US!

YOU IN **PAIN,** HOT-SHOT--? WELL, THE PAIN'S JUST **STARTING!**

NO. IT'S ALL OVER.

GO B-B-BACK TO YOUR HOMES.

ARE YOU ALL HALF D-DEAF LIKE ME? **LEAVE!**

STAN CARTER-- HELPING **ME?!** I'D RATHER THE CROWD TORE ME **APART.**

WE SHOULD'A **KNOWN**! SPIDER-MAN HAS A MASS-MURDERER STICKIN' UP FOR HIM!

IT MAKES ME **SICK** EVERY TIME SOMEONE LIKE YOU WALKS THE STREETS! AND I'M GONNA--

SHUT UP.

SHUT UP OR I'LL KILL YOU.

C-COME ON, FLAP YOUR G-GUMS AGAIN... AND I'LL B-**BLOW** THEM OFF.

THIS IS A NIGHTMARE! HE'S THREATENING A CROWD, ALL OVER AGAIN... BUT HE'S SAVING MY HASH WHILE HE'S **DOING** IT.

NO! NO MATTER HOW MUCH HE'S HELPING ME, I CAN'T JUST SIT BACK AND LET INNOCENTS BE *THREATENED*.

BUT... WHY ISN'T MY **SPIDER-SENSE** TINGLING? WARNING ME OF DANGER? SOMETHING ISN'T **RIGHT** HERE.

I WON'T **FORGET** THIS, CARTER!

K-K-K-KEEP MOVING.

YOU HAVE THREE SECONDS TO DROP THAT GUN, CARTER!

RELAX. YOU WANT THIS G-GUN--?

G-GO TO "TOYS-Я-US."

ACME NOVELTIES

I HEAR P-POLICE SIRENS. G-GET G-G-GOING. YOU SHOULDN'T BE ***SEEN*** WITH ME.

THWIP

YOU'LL ***RUIN*** MY REPUTATION.

WHOA! CAN BARELY STICK TO THE WALLS. BETTER BE ***REAL*** CAREFUL GETTING HOME.

NY PD

POLICE

NY PD

SCREECH!

FREEZE!

OKAY.

ME? I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING. HOW 'BOUT ***YOU***, DUKE?

ZIP.

UH-HUH.

THOUGHT I'D *NEVER* GET HOME. WHOLE BODY'S IN AGONY.

ONE PUNCH. I COULD'VE TAKEN ELECTRO OUT WITH ONE PUNCH! BUT I BARELY *TAPPED* HIM.

I COULDN'T HELP IT. I HELD BACK TO THE POINT OF IDIOCY. BUT *ELECTRO* WASN'T HOLDING BACK AT *ALL!*

HE MADE ME FALL OFF THE WALL JUST BY *THINKING* HARD! SOMETHING ABOUT STATIC ELECTRICITY, MOLECULAR BONDING--

CAN'T *THINK* ABOUT IT ANYMORE. CAN ONLY ACHE.

PETER! PETER PARKER! IT'S YOUR EVER-LOVING WIFE LOOKING FOR YOU!

SHOWER'S RUNNING. LET'S GIVE HIM A LITTLE SURPRISE.

HI, TIGER! CARE FOR SOME COMPA--

PETER! GOOD LORD, YOU LOOK LIKE A BOILED LOBSTER! WHAT *HAPPENED?!*

NOTHING!

GEEZ, CAN'T A GUY HAVE ANY *PRIVACY* AT *ALL?*

NOT FROM HIS *WIFE!* NOT ON SOMETHING LIKE *THIS!*

YOU GO SWINGING OFF TO ACT LIKE SOME MASKED AVENGER, AND THE *NEXT* THING I KNOW YOU COME BACK LOOKING LIKE SOMETHING PAUL HOGAN TOSSED ON THE BARBEE.

SO DO YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED, OR DO I GET IT OFF THE EVENING NEWS?

OKAY, LOOK... I'M SORRY, MJ. IT'S THIS WHOLE STAN CARTER THING...IT'S MAKING ME *CRAZY.*

PETER, WHAT *IS* IT WITH THAT GUY? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SO *OBSESSED.*

I INJURED HIM, MJ, AND I FEEL *GUILTY* ABOUT IT... BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO FEEL GUILTY, AND THAT MAKES ME FEEL EVEN WORSE.

YOU KNOW, LOVER, I THINK THAT'S WHY I FELL FOR YOU. YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW--

--WHO'S MORE SCREWED-UP THAN *I* AM.

I DON'T CARE *WHAT* THE SHRINKS SAY, CARTER. I THINK YOU'RE STILL SCREWED-UP.

WHY ELSE DO YOU CARRY THIS THING AROUND?

TELL HIM, STAN! TELL HIM YOU MISS THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

TELL HIM YOU WANT TO BLOW HIS INTESTINES ACROSS THE SQUAD ROOM. *TELL HIM!*

P- P- PROTECTION.

PROTECTION? FROM *WHOM?*

LOTS OF P-EOPLE WOULD LIKE A P-IECE OF ME...

...INCLUDING, I IMAGINE, MANY C-COPS IN THIS ROOM.

LOOK, THIS IS STILL ASSAULT WHEN YOU WAVE THIS THING AROUND. PEOPLE THINK IT'S *LOADED.*

THAT'S THE *IDEA,* YOU IDIOT!

SERGEANT TORK! I'M SCOTT ROSENBERG, MR. CARTER'S PERSONAL MANAGER.

YOU *HIRED* THIS MORON, CARTER?

HE HIRED *HIMSELF.*

EITHER CHARGE MY CLIENT OR TURN HIM *LOOSE.*

FINE. LEAVE. AND NO MORE TOY GUNS.

PRESS PEOPLE. LET *ME* HANDLE THEM.

LATER...

THE COPS'LL KEEP ON YOUR BACK, STAN, 'CAUSE YOU USED TO BE A POLICE DETECTIVE YOURSELF. THEY'LL *NEVER* LET UP.

TAXI!

THANK YOU. NOW PLEASE LEAVE. YOU'RE *NOT* MY MANAGER. I D-DON'T WANT TO LIVE OFF THE HORRIBLE THINGS I D-DID.

I JUST WANT TO G-GET ON WITH MY *LIFE.*

TAXI

FACE IT, STAN... YOU'LL NEED SOMEONE TO RUN YOUR LIFE FROM NOW ON.

HE'S *GOT* SOMEONE ALREADY. *DON'T* YOU, STAN?

DON'T MOVE, ELECTRO! NOT AN INCH! NOT A MUSCLE!

ZAP

I OWE YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO ME!

AND YOU'RE GONNA PAY!

KA-POW!

STOP WHINING! STOP STRUGGLING! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!

IT'S OVER!

IT'S FINALLY OVER!

WHAM!

IT'S...

IT'S...

SIN-EATER, YOU COSTUMED CRETIN!

AND YOU'VE KILLED ME. DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THIS *MEANS*?

I'VE WON! I'VE *WON!*

NO! I... I DIDN'T *MEAN* TO! I JUST LOST CONTROL! JUST FOR A *SECOND.*

I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL YOU. I--

HI.

NO! STAY *BACK!*

POK

THAT THE *BEST* YOU CAN DO?

HERE'S *MY* BEST!

ZZZAAAP!

AAARRRGHH

I'M BURNING! I--

PETER, FOR PITY'S SAKE! I WAS JUST PUTTING SOME BACTINE ON YOU WHILE YOU SLEPT.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A FEDERAL CASE OUT OF IT.

SORRY, HON! IT'S NOT THE BACTINE.

I'M AFRAID OF MY OWN STRENGTH. I HAD ELECTRO DEAD TO RIGHTS... BUT BECAUSE I INJURED SIN-EATER, I FROZE UP.

NOW I FEEL LIKE I CAN'T FOLLOW MY INSTINCTS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

HOW ABOUT TRUSTING THE FORCE?

HAR-DEE-HAR.

LOOK, LOVE... WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WORK IT OUT BEST WE CAN.

WORK! THAT REMINDS ME...

I RETRIEVED MY CAMERA FROM THE SCENE OF THAT ELECTRO SLAUGHTER, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SELL THE PICTURES.

I DON'T NEED FRONT PAGE PIX OF ME GETTING ROASTED. BUT WE NEED MONEY--

NO PROBLEM, LOVER. I GOT A MODELING GIG END OF THIS WEEK, ON THE MORNING SHOW.

WOW. TV. BIG TIME.

SEE? GETTING A JOB'S EASY IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

YOU GOTTA BE *KIDDIN',* CARTER. YOUR NAME'S *MUD* HERE.

IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT BEING REINSTATED, TRY DIVISION. THEY COULD *USE* THE LAUGHS.

I DON'T THINK IT'S *APPRO-PRIATE* AT THIS TIME, STAN. MAYBE THE PRIVATE SECTOR...

MR. BRINKLEY SAYS IF YOU DON'T LEAVE, HE'LL CALL THE *POLICE.*

WELLS FAR

RECEPTIONIST

BRINKS INC.

WE DON'T HAVE ANY *OPENINGS* RIGHT NOW.

INKERTON

DO YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT?

INTIMATELY!

NIGHT OWL SECURITY ISN'T IN THE HABIT OF HIRING *MASS-MURDERERS.* MAKES CUSTOMERS NERVOUS.

AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING *FUNNY.* I GOT A GUN UNDER THIS DESK.

OWL
ERITY
ERVICE

YEAH, WE GOT OPENINGS. YOU CHECKING FOR YOUR *KID?*

SKIP IT.

I WANT McCOOKIES!

Coke

KNOK KNOK

STAN, YOU *IN* THERE? C'MON, THIS IS *OPPORTUNITY* KNOCKING!

C-COME IN, MR. ROSENBERG. IT'S UNLOCKED.

WOW! WHO ELSE IN NEW YORK KEEPS THEIR *DOOR* OPEN? SOMEONE COULD JUST WALK IN AND *SHOOT* YA!

WHAT D-DO YOU *WANT*, MR. ROSENBERG?

I WAS HOPING YOU'D CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LETTING ME REPRESENT YOU. PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW THE REAL STAN CARTER *STORY.*

HE'S *RIGHT*, STAN. THE WORLD WILL ONLY ACCEPT YOU AS A CURIOSITY.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO *LOSE?*

MY SELF-RESPECT. I COULD LOSE WHAT SHRED OF SELF-RESPECT I'VE GOT.

SELF-RESPECT'S *FINE*, STAN, BUT A GUY'S GOTTA *EAT.*

LISTEN TO HIM, STAN.

ALL RIGHT. WHAT DO I D-DO?

GREAT!

FIRST, I GET YOU BOOKED ON SOME TALK SHOWS. THAT'S NO SWEAT.

DO YOU WANT SOMEONE TO WRITE IT *WITH* YOU? YOU KNOW, A GHOST?

NO.

I HAVE A G-GHOST ALREADY.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

DUMPING THOSE STUPID HENCHMEN OF MINE WAS THE BEST MOVE I EVER MADE. SLEEK, STREAMLINED...

THAT'S THE WAY **ELECTRO** SHOULD BE. ONE OR TWO MORE BIG JOBS AND I'M **OUT** OF HERE.

Sugar Puffs

...AND NOW,,, BACK TO THE MORNING SHOW.-

THANKS FOR GETTING UP SO EARLY TO **JOIN** US, EVE.

I'M HAPPY TO, REGIS! I LOVE LIVE **TV**... ITS ALWAYS SO EXCITING!

ALMOST AS EXCITING AS THE FALL FASHIONS I'VE DESIGNED!

NICE **SEGUE**, EVE. WHY NOT SHOW US WHAT YOU'VE GOT?

ABSOLUTELY, REGIS. OH, GIRLS, LET'S SHOW THE STUDIO AUDIENCE AND THE FOLKS AT HOME WHAT EVERY-ONE'LL BE WEARING THIS SEASON.

I THINK I'M IN **LOVE**. BUT WITH MY LUCK, THE REDHEAD'S **MARRIED!**

PETER LOOKS SO PROUD OF ME, I MIGHT START TO BLUSH! BUT WHO CAN BLAME HIM? HE IS MARRIED TO ONE OF THE FASTEST-RISING FASHION MODELS IN TOWN--*ME!* CHRISTIE BRINKLEY--EAT YOUR HEART OUT!

SHE'S GORGEOUS! WITH MY BODY HEALED UP, I'M STARTING TO REMEMBER WHAT MAKES LIFE WORTH *LIVING!*

HAH! WHAT A DAME! *SHE* DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO BE HIT BY LIGHTNING TO *SIZZLE.*

I CAN'T WAIT TILL THEY'RE IN THE STORES!

EVE, I'M SO EXCITED, I CAN HARDLY *BREATHE!* THANKS FOR GIVING US THAT PREVIEW.

THANKS FOR HAVING ME, REGIS. WELL, BACK TO THE GRINDSTONE.

AND NOW, OUR *NEXT* GUEST, FOLKS, HAS BEEN SOMEWHAT HUSH-HUSH... FOR *SECURITY* REASONS, BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT.

YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM, *READ* ABOUT HIM... A FUTURE AUTHOR WHO'S TRYING TO MAKE IT BACK INTO SOCIETY... LET'S HAVE A HAND FOR...

...SERGEANT *STAN CARTER...* ALIAS, THE *SIN-EATER.*

CARTER, HUH? HE SAVED SPIDER-MAN'S HASH A FEW DAYS AGO. THIS I *GOTTA* SEE.

WELL, IT'S GOOD TO *MEET* YOU SERGEANT CARTER. SORRY NO ONE APPLAUDED.

C-CAN'T EXACTLY *B-BLAME* THEM, REGIS.

AND PLEASE C-CALL ME STAN.

INCREDIBLE! FIRST HE SAYS HE'S NOT LOOKING TO CAPITALIZE ON WHAT HE DID...

... AND THEN HE'S ON THIS TALK SHOW! WHAT KIND OF WORLD *IS* THIS?

WELL, I'M *NOT* SITTING STILL FOR IT!

SO, STAN... THERE'S NO GOOD WAY TO ASK THIS, BUT... WHAT'S IT *LIKE* BEING A MASS MURDERER?

GREAT. YOU CAN'T BEAT THE HOURS AND THE CHANCES FOR ADVANCEMENT ARE IMMENSE.

I'M SORRY. THAT WAS *TACTLESS.* LOOK... I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE WRITING A *BOOK...?*

YES, THAT'S RIGHT. I HAVE TO LET PEOPLE KNOW... WHAT HAPPENED.

WHAT'S THE TITLE?

THE DEATH OF JEAN DEWOLFF.

CARTER! YOU STINKING *LIAR!*

PERFECT!! AND THE STUDIO'S ONLY TEN BLOCKS AWAY!

SMAK

Sugar Pubbs

SECONDS LATER, RIDING THE SUBWAY'S THIRD RAIL...

FOR YEARS SPIDER-MAN'S BEATEN ME, OVER AND OVER. BUT NOT JUST *BEATEN* ME, OH, NO...

...HE'S *HUMILIATED* ME! HIT ME WITH WATER TIME AND AGAIN... ONCE HE EVEN SHORT-CIRCUITED ME BY TOUCHING MY HANDS TO MY FEET.

BUT NOW *I'VE* GOT THE EDGE. I CAN UN-STICK HIM FROM WALLS AND FRY HIS WEBBING... I'M BETTING HE WON'T *DARE* ATTACK ME AFTER I CRISPED HIM BEFORE!

...WHICH MEANS *I* CAN HUMILIATE *HIM*... DRAG HIM THROUGH THE MUD THE WAY HE DID *ME!*

AND HERE'S THE CHANCE TO DO IT... ON *TV!*

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING* HERE? YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T *WANT* TO WRITE BOOKS! DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE OFF THE HIDEOUS THINGS YOU DID!

PETER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR *MIND*-?!

AND YET, HERE YOU ARE! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY *CONSCIENCE* AT ALL?

TELL HIM TO SHUT UP, STAN, OR *I'LL* SHUT HIM UP.

IS THAT WHAT'S REALLY *B-BOTHER-ING* YOU, SPIDER-MAN? OR ARE YOU MORE UPSET B-BECAUSE I SAVED YOUR *LIFE* A FEW D-DAYS AGO?

I *SAVED* YOU. D-DOESN'T THAT *EVEN* THE SCORE *SOMEHOW?*

PETER, PLEASE... THERE'S ALL THIS ANGER IN YOU! LET IT GO, BEFORE IT KILLS YOU... KILLS *US!*

HOW CAN WE BE EVEN, AFTER WHAT YOU DID? WITH THE *BLOOD* YOU'RE CARRYING ON YOU?

ALL THOSE *PEOPLE*--! AND *JEAN*! YOU--

D-DON'T TALK TO *ME* ABOUT JEAN!!

NOT A D-DAY GOES BY I D-DON'T THINK OF HER! YOU THINK YOU KNEW HER? YOU D-DIDN'T KNOW HER AT ALL!

I KNEW JEAN DEWOLFF, BETTER THAN ANYONE!

WE WERE LOVERS, BLAST IT!

WE WERE LOVERS.

STAN--?

YOU WANT ME TO KILL THIS SINNER FOR YOU?

GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU ANIMAL!

FINE.

FINE. I'LL GET FAR AWAY. I NEVER SHOULD HAVE COME HERE.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT!

SPIDER-SENSE TINGLING, DANGER-- DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE--

ELECTRO!

HI, SPIDEY. CAUGHT YOUR ACT AND I JUST HAD TO...

...BUZZ OVER.

YOU LOOK *UPSET*, SPIDEY. KNOW WHAT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER? A GOOD *FIGHT*.

COME ON! TAKE A *SWING* AT ME! YOU *KNOW* YOU WANT TO!

WHAT'S *WRONG*, HERO? LOST YOUR *PUNCH*?

NOW WHAT? IF I TAKE HIM ON HERE, WITH ALL THE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT, SOMEONE MIGHT BE INJURED. MJ, THE CROWD... *ANYBODY!*

GOT TO *DO* SOMETHING. GET HIM OUTSIDE, THEN I CAN CUT *LOOSE*...

WHAT'S GOING ON?

IS THIS *REAL*-- OR SOME KIND OF *STUNT*?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'M NOT SURE THAT I SHOULD STICK AROUND TO FIND OUT!

BUT IF I CUT LOOSE... I MIGHT *KILL* HIM! AND IF I FREEZE, TRY TO SECOND GUESS MYSELF... IT'LL GIVE HIM THE OPENING HE NEEDS...

...WHAT WOULD IT DO TO *MJ* IF I WERE KILLED RIGHT IN *FRONT* OF HER?

BUT IF HE MAKES THE FIRST MOVE, I'LL HAVE TO DO *SOMETHING!*

I *KNEW* IT. YOU WON'T *FIGHT* IF YOU THINK YOU WON'T *WIN!*

KNOW WHAT *YOUR* PROBLEM IS?

PTOOIE!

SSSS

YOU JUST DON'T GOT THE *JUICE!*

HAHAHAHA

NEXT SIN-ISTER

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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN®

PART 3

THE DEADLY CONCLUSION!

STAY BACK, SPIDER-MAN-- OR I'LL SHOOT THIS KID!

SHOWDOWN WITH SIN-EATER!™

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!™

SIN-ISTER

DAILY BUGLE 30¢

★★★★★ FINAL

Partly cloudy chance of snow High 25-30 Details p 2

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1987

SPIDER-MAN: COWARD

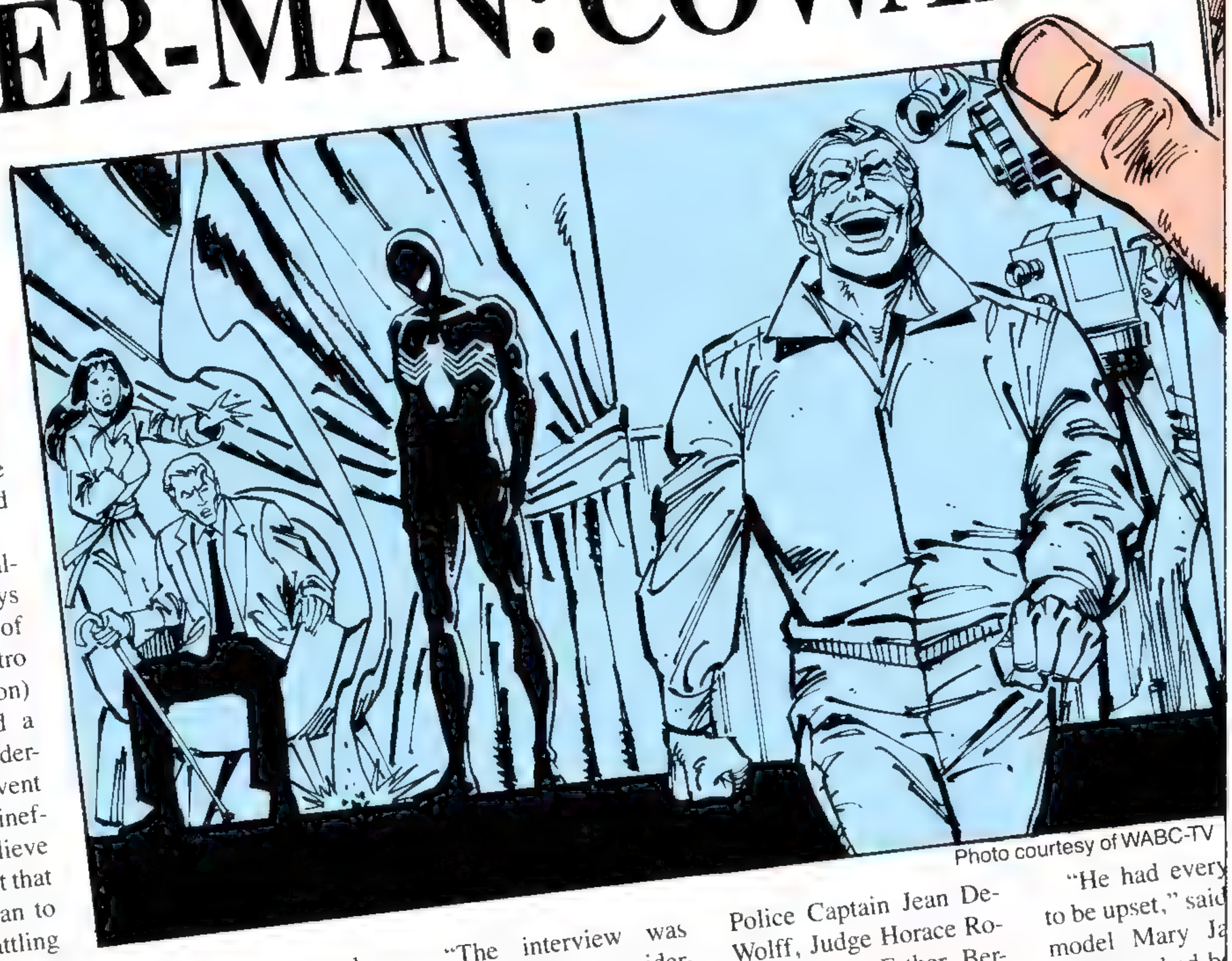


Photo courtesy of WABC-TV

By CHARLIE SNOW

NEW YORK — Viewers of the local "Morning Show" on WABC-TV were shocked yesterday by the unexpected appearance of Spider-Man, and his subsequent inaction against a direct challenge from the criminal named Electro.

Electro's taunting challenge came mere days after his earlier defeat of Spider-Man after Electro (real name: Max Dillon) had allegedly robbed a jewelry store. Spider-Man's attempt to prevent the robbery proved ineffectual. Some believe that it was this defeat that prompted Spider-Man to shy[illegible] from battling [illegible]gain.

[illegible]who was not [illegible]at the time of [illegible]ning Show" ap-[illegible], reportedly spit [illegible]der-Man and said, [illegible] know what your [illegible]blem is? You just don't [illegible]t the juice," before [illegible]valking off the set laughing when Spider-Man would not fight him.

Police did not respond in time to apprehend the known felon. Spider-Man likewise left the scene and is currently being sought for questioning.

Before Electro showed up to taunt Spider-Man, Spider-Man himself had been engaged in a tense argument with "Morning Show" guest Stan Carter. "The interview was going smoothly, considering that I was talking with a multiple murderer," said host Regis Philbin. "Then Spider-Man showed up out of nowhere, loaded for bear."

Spider-Man shouted at Carter, in connection with Carter's past as the notorious "Sin-Eater." A year ago Carter was arrested and charged with several homicides, including the murder of Police Captain Jean DeWolff, Judge Horace Rosenthal and Father Bernard Finn.

Carter was found not guilty by reason of insanity, and has recently been released in the firm belief, according to doctors, that he is cured. Carter is currently working on an autobigraphy.

These events apparently aggravated Spider-Man, a masked vigilante whose own activities have occasionally brought him into conflict

"He had every to be upset," said model Mary Ja[illegible] son, who had b[illegible] elling new dre[illegible] nutes before Man's appearan[illegible] Carter kills p[illegible] gets book Spider-Man sa[illegible] and gets the s[illegible] blame him a[illegible] everyone sh[illegible] his back."

Miss Wats[illegible] in her suppo[illegible] Man. Spid[illegible] pearance a

Continu[illegible]

"I Knew it All the Time"

An editorial by J. Jonah Jameson

See Page 36

PETER DAVID WRITER | SAL BUSCEMA ARTIST | RICK PARKER LETTERS | JANET JACKSON COLOR | JIM SALICRUP EDITOR | TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

" MASKED VIGILANTE." *THAT'S* A LAUGH. IF THAT'S WHAT I WAS, I'D HAVE AN EASIER TIME UNDERSTANDING WHY I *DID* IT YESTERDAY.

BUT I'M JUST A GUY WHO SWINGS AROUND TOWN, TAKING PICTURES OF MYSELF IN ACTION AS SPIDER-MAN. EXCEPT YESTERDAY, WHEN I CAME ON LIKE CHARLES BRONSON...AND PAID FOR IT *BIG.*

THE NEWSPAPERS ARE HAVING A FIELD DAY WITH THIS, AND FOR ONCE I CAN'T SAY I *BLAME* THEM.

NAG

I *EARNED* ALL THIS ROTTEN PRESS. EVERY LOUSY *WORD* OF IT.

MAYBE IF I WRAP THIS PAPER TIGHT, I'LL GET A PAPER-CUT AND BLEED TO DEATH. PAPER-CUTS CAN GET *REAL* NASTY.

...BUT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT *LITERALLY.* I BOUGHT SOME NEW OUTFITS, ON SALE, SO YOU'D BE PROUD.

HEY, HUBBY... I KNOW GETTING MY STUFF MOVED IN HERE IS ENOUGH TO HAVE ANYBODY CLIMBING WALLS...

GOT YOU A NEWS-PAPER, TOO. THE GLOBE.

GREAT. LIKE I NEED TO SEE MYSELF PILLORIED IN *ANOTHER* PAPER.

DON'T *SWEAT* IT, PETEY. YOU HAVE MY PERSONAL *GUARANTEE* THAT THERE'S NOT A THING IN THERE THAT'LL *UPSET* YOU.

DAILY GLOBE

REAL *CUTE*, MJ.

YOU LIKE IT? IT LEAPED OFF THE RACK AND MUGGED ME. WHAT COULD I *DO*?

I MEANT THE PAPER.

I WAS JUST TRYING TO CHEER YOU UP, MR. PARKER. YOU HAVEN'T SAID MORE THAN THREE WORDS IN A ROW SINCE YESTERDAY.

YOU'VE GOT TO *TALK* ABOUT THIS. FIRST YOU CAME LEAPING OUT AFTER CARTER, THAT'S SO *UN-LIKE* YOU, WITH THOSE CAMERAS THERE. AND THEN ELECTRO WALKED IN AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN--

YOU THINK I'M A COWARD, TOO, *DON'T* YOU, MARY JANE?

I THINK YOU'RE SCARED. NOT OF ELECTRO. OF *YOURSELF*. AND IT'S RELATED TO *CARTER* SOMEHOW.

PETER, I'M YOUR WIFE. YOU CAN LET GO.

MY "LETTING GO" IS THE PROBLEM.

YOU SAW HOW CARTER WAS, WITH THE LIMP AND THE STUTTER? I DID THAT TO HIM.

OHMIGOD.

"HE WAS LIKE NO ONE *ELSE*. SO VICIOUS, SO UNCARING OF HUMAN LIFE. I CAN'T EVEN SEE STRAIGHT WHEN I THINK ABOUT HIM.

"BUT I FEEL GUILTY BECAUSE I INJURED HIM SO BADLY, BECAUSE I LOST *CONTROL*.

"HE'S LIKE A SYMBOL TO ME OF WHAT CAN HAPPEN IF I REALLY COMPLETELY BLOW MY *TEMPER*. I FEEL GUILTY... BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO. AND I'M A COMPLETE KNOT INSIDE."

AND THAT'S WHY YOU'VE HAD SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH ELECTRO.

YEAH. EVEN THOUGH ELECTRO DOESN'T GET TO ME THE WAY *CARTER* DOES, I KEEP SECOND-GUESSING MYSELF. I'M AFRAID TO MAKE A MOVE...

AND WHEN I DO, IT'S *INEFFECTUAL*. IT'S LIKE CARTER'S PUT A *MENTAL BLOCK* ON ME.

EVERYTHING CAME *NATURALLY* BEFORE. I NEVER HAD ANY TRAINING IN HOW TO FIGHT. I ALWAYS JUST *DID* IT. NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO IS TALK TO CARTER. YOU CAN'T MAKE PEACE WITH *YOURSELF* UNTIL YOU MAKE PEACE WITH HIM. AND THEN YOU HAVE TO...

YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE? IT'S LIKE *ROCKY III*.

OH, LORD. MJ, THIS ISN'T A MOVIE. THE NEXT THING, YOU'LL TELL ME TO TRUST THE *FORCE*.

NO, *REALLY!* WHEN HE FOUGHT MR. T THE SECOND TIME...

... AND ROCKY JUST KEPT LETTING HIMSELF GET HIT, SO HE COULD GET HIMSELF WORKED UP ENOUGH TO RELY ON HIS INSTINCTS INSTEAD OF THINKING SO MUCH ABOUT EVERYTHING.

GREAT. I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE STRATEGY LESSONS FROM *STALLONE*. THAT'S LIKE LEARNING OPERA FROM *TWISTED SISTER!*

NOW, WHY'D THE LIGHTS GO OUT? I PAID CON ED... I *THINK*.

NAG

HEY, MJ, LOOK AT THIS. IT'S NOT JUST **US.** IT'S A POWER OUTAGE.

TRAFFIC LIGHTS ARE OUT. IT'S GRID-LOCK CITY OUT THERE.

HONK

HONK

HONK

BEEEEEP

BEEEEEEEP

WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME PICTURES OF THIS BLACKOUT AND THE EFFECTS ON THE CITY. SOUNDS NEWSWORTHY.

GOOD IDEA. I'LL GET INTO MY SPIDEY-SUIT, GRAB MY CAMERA, AND HIGH-TAIL IT OUT THE SKYLIGHT.

MAYBE DOING SOMETHING ***NORMAL*** WILL CLEAR MY HEAD.

PETER PARKER, MY LOVE... ONLY ***YOU*** COULD THINK THAT WEARING BLACK AND WHITE TIGHTS AND SWINGING AROUND THE CITY IS ***NORMAL.***

WHY, YOU AND STAN CARTER ARE TWO OF THE MOST NORMAL GUYS I ***KNOW.***

CHAPTER ONE.

I C-COULD TELL YOU, THE READER, ALL K-KINDS OF THINGS ABOUT MY EARLY LIFE. MY FAMILY, MY FRIENDS, THE FIRST FROG I CAUGHT, THE FIRST G-G-GIRL I K-KISSED...

B-BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU P-PAID MONEY TO READ ABOUT, IS IT? YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT... AFTER. ABOUT D- DEATH. ABOUT NOW.

OY.

I HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR AT A TIME FOR A YEAR. HOW'S THAT FOR *STARTERS?*

I K-KEEP THINKING ABOUT JEAN, THE LAST NIGHT I WAS WITH HER B-BEFORE I K-K-K- ... B-BEFORE SHE DIED.

SHE WAS WEARING THIS SEXY G-GREEN DRESS. I SAW HER IN IT AND I IMMEDIATELY WANTED HER IN MY ARMS.

THEN SHE WAS C-CALLED AWAY. SOME SORT OF G- *GANG* KILLING. *

I WAS HITTING THE B-BOOZE PRETTY G-GOOD, AFTER MY PARTNER HAD BEEN KILLED. THE RUINED EVENING WITH J-JEAN MADE IT *WORSE*. ALL I C-COULD THINK WAS, "WHAT A SIN. WHAT A SIN."

*P.P.T.S.S.M. ANNUAL #5.--J.S.

AND THAT NIGHT... I HEARD HIM C-CALL ME THE FIRST TIME.

IS *THAT* WHAT ALL YOU VOYEURS WANTED TO KNOW?

OH, STAAAAAN.....

I *GOT* SOMETHING FOR YOU.

ARRRRHH!

LOOK WHO I FOUND TO GIVE YOU INSPIRATION. JEAN DeWOLFF.

NO!

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!

"I MET MY OLD LOVER ON THE STREET LAST NIGHT..." ♪

COME ON, STAN, SING ALONG!

"STILL CRAZY ♪ AFTER ALL THESE ♪ YEARS."

YOU FOOLED THE DOC-TORS, STAN.

YOU FOOLED ME, TOO. I THOUGHT WE MEANT SOMETHING TO EACH OTHER.

NOW, JEAN... STAN HAD A HOLY MISSION TO PERFORM. IT COULDN'T BE DILUTED BY LOVE OR AFFECTION.

THAT'S WHY YOU HAD TO GO *FIRST*, JEAN. AND JUST LOOK HOW SUCCESSFUL THE MISSION WAS.

AND I CAN ACCOMPLISH SO MUCH *MORE*.

THERE ARE SO MANY *OTHER* SINNERS OUT THERE...

STAY B-*BACK*! D-DON'T TOUCH ME, OR I'LL--

I'LL *K-KILL* YOU!

YOU *WON'T WIN*.! YOU--

OH NO.

OH, *YES*, YOU FOOL.

I'VE *ALREADY* WON. YOU NEVER HAD A *CHANCE*.

6th AVE...

HOW ≥UH≤ FAR APART WAS *THAT* ONE?

TWO MINUTES.

HOW MUCH FURTHER TO THE HOSPITAL?

A *MILE*.

"THAT'S WHAT YOU ≥UH≤ SAID FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO, JOSH.

I THINK WE SHOULD CONSIDER NAMING THE BABY ≥UH≤ *CHEVROLET*.

NO WAY, HELOISE. NO KID OF *MINE* IS GETTING BORN IN A CAR.

I'LL GET YOU THERE IF I HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAR AND *CARRY* YOU.

I THINK THAT'S MORE *MY* LINE, FELLA.

HOLY--

YOU'RE *KIDDING*, RIGHT? I'M SUPPOSED TO TRUST YOU WITH MY KID AND--

A!!!!EEEEE!

TRUST HIM, YOU IDIOT!

UHHH... OKAY.

JUST *HOLD ON*, HELOISE. I'LL HAVE YOU THERE IN TWO SHAKES, AND I KNOW YOUR HUSBAND WILL BE ALONG AS QUICK AS HE *CAN*.

HE'S...≥UH≤ *NOT* MY HUSBAND.

SPONG

OH.

I *DON'T* WANNA KNOW.

I'D... I'D LIKE TO NAME THE BABY AFTER YOU, FOR ALL YOUR **HELP**, SPIDER-MAN. WOULD YOU TELL ME... YOUR REAL FIRST NAME?

SURE. IT'S "**POINDEXTER.**"

UH-OH.

HEY, WALL-CRAWLER! IF YOU REALLY WANT TO MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, GET OVER TO THE MAIN CON ED STATION. THAT'S WHERE THE **REAL** PROBLEM IS.

ELECTRO'S THERE! HE'S CAUSING ALL THIS POWER CRAZINESS!

FORGET IT, OFFICER. DON'T YOU READ THE **PAPERS?**

SPIDER-MAN DON'T **DO** THAT STUFF NO MORE.

WISE GUY.

I'D SHOW **HIM** A THING OR TWO, IF I DIDN'T THINK THE COPS AND WHOEVER ELSE COULD HANDLE ELECTRO.

"I MEAN, SUPER POWERS OR NO, HE'S JUST **ONE** GUY."

ELECTRO! THIS IS SERGEANT TORK WITH THE N.Y.P.D.!

YOU'VE BEEN SMART SO FAR, MAX, LETTING ALL THE EMPLOYEES GO. NOW COME ON OUT WITH YOUR **HANDS** UP BEFORE SOMEONE GETS **HURT.**

KRAKABOOM

HURT, TORK? LIKE WHO? YOU, THAT'S WHO.

I'VE GOT THIS WHOLE POWER STATION AT MY FINGERTIPS, BUDDY BOY. I'VE GOT ENERGY COMING OUT OF EVERY PORE.

ENOUGH TO HANDLE ALL YOUR MEN...

KRAK!

...AND ALL YOUR PATHETIC SHARPSHOOTERS.

YAAAAH!!

GET THIS, TORK. ELECTRICITY RUNS THIS CITY... AND I RUN ELECTRICITY.

FROM THIS STATION I'VE TAPPED INTO THE WHOLE SYSTEM, COMMANDEERED EVERY SWITCHING STATION. AND BELIEVE ME, TORK, I CAN DO A LOT MORE THAN JUST TURN THINGS ON AND OFF!

"I CAN SEND POWER SURGES INTO HOMES, BLOW OUT TV SETS. EVERY HOUSE IN THE FIVE BOROUGHS WITH POTENTIAL BOMBS THAT'LL EXPLODE INTO SHARDS OF FLYING GLASS.

"OR MAYBE I'LL JUST START OVERRIDING EMERGENCY GENERATORS IN HOSPITALS."

"KISS EVERYBODY ON LIFE-SUPPORT GOOD-BYE."

SO HEAR THIS! TEN MILLION BUCKS TO RELEASE MY CHOKE-HOLD ON THE CITY...

...OR IN AN HOUR, PEOPLE START DYING.' YOU TELL THE MAYOR THAT.

ELECTRO SAYS ONE HOUR!

MARIO, IT'S *ED.* WE GOT A LITTLE *MISHUGAS* HERE...

MEANWHILE...

C'MON, GUYS! *HURRY UP!* CHRISTMAS CAME EARLY THIS YEAR!

AH AH *AH.* SOMEONE'S WATCHING YOU TO SEE IF YOU'RE NAUGHTY OR *NICE.*

AND TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A BLACKOUT ISN'T VERY *NICE.*

OH, MISTER BIG BRAVE SPIDER-MAN. NO TROUBLE BEATIN' UP *KIDS*...

BUT WHEN IT COMES TO GUYS WHO'LL GIVE YOU A *FIGHT,* THEN YOU HIDE YOUR UGLY MASKED FACE.

IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU I'VE ALREADY CLOBBERED A TODDLER TODAY, OR I'D *CREAM* YOU.

EASY TO MAKE SMART REMARKS... ESPECIALLY WHEN THE KID STRUCK A *NERVE.*

MAKES IT EASY TO FORGET THAT THE POWER STATION ISN'T *FAR* FROM HERE. I COULD BE THERE IN NO TIME...

AND STAN CARTER'S PLACE IS RIGHT ON THE *WAY.*

IF I'D BEEN MORE EFFECTIVE AGAINST ELECTRO, HE WOULDN'T BE HAMSTRINGING THE CITY NOW.

THIS HAS GOT TO *END. ONE* WAY OR THE *OTHER.*

STAN?

STAN, YOU KEEP THIS PLACE PRETTY DARK. ARE YOU HERE?

IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.

LOOK, STAN... I'M **SORRY** FOR WHAT I DID TO YOU. NO MATTER WHAT YOU DID...

I HAD NO **RIGHT** TO CRIPPLE YOU LIKE THIS.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT'S DONE TO ME. I'M AFRAID TO THROW A PUNCH. I--

I C-CAN UNDERSTAND FEAR, SPIDEY. THE D-DOCTORS SAY **I'M** AFRAID...

AFRAID TO **RECOVER**. THEY SAY MY INJURIES ARE PSYCHOSOMATIC.

MAYBE THEY'RE **RIGHT**. I D-DON'T KNOW. WHAT I **D-DO** KNOW IS YOU'RE AFRAID YOU MIGHT SNAP. THAT YOU C-CAN'T TRUST YOURSELF.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO D-DO IS HANDLE A SITUATION AND **C-CONTROL** YOURSELF.

NO ONE C-CAN EXORCISE YOUR PERSONAL D-DEMONS FOR YOU. WE EACH HAVE TO D-DO IT OUR OWN WAY.

WHERE ARE YOU G-GOING?

TO THE CON ED POWER STATION NEARBY... TO EXORCISE A **DEMON** I KNOW.

YES.

I THINK **I'M** GOING TO D-DO THE SAME.

EVERYONE PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR HOMES! WE HAVE EVERYTHING HERE UNDER CONTROL.

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE KIDDING?!

LOOK! UP THERE!

I'M WITH STUPID

FAAAAR OUT!

ICE

I'M WITH STUPID

HEY, SPIDEY! YOU GONNA BEAT UP ON ELECTRO?

I'M WITH STUPID

YOU BET.

HEY, GUTLESS! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?!

SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS FROM 3 TO 5. GET IN LINE NOW.

BUG OFF, BUG-MAN!

SPIDER-MAN! BACK OFF! YOU'RE A CIVILIAN! I CAN'T LET YOU GO IN THERE.

FINE, TORK.

SHOOT ME.

POLICE

N.Y.P.

ELECTRO! WHERE ARE YOU, LIVE WIRE?

UP *HERE*, HOTSHOT. I GOTTA ADMIT YOU TAKE THE CAKE.

STROLLING RIGHT IN HERE LIKE YOU'RE SOMETHING ***SPECIAL***. I COULD KILL YOU WHERE YOU STAND.

OH, BIG TALK FROM A GUY WHOSE BIGGEST FEAR IS A BUCKET OF ***WATER***.

IF JUDY GARLAND WERE ALIVE, ***SHE*** COULD TAKE YOU OUT.

OH, ***YEAH!*** HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE AS DEAD AS ***SHE*** IS?

FRATCH

OH, I'M SCARED.

HEY, NO ONE'S TOUGHER THAN YOU WHEN IT COMES TO TOSSING ***LIGHTNING BOLTS***. BUT NOW LET'S SEE YOU BEAT ME ***MY*** WAY, WITH ***FISTS*** INSTEAD OF ***VOLTAGE***.

C'MON, YOU'RE SO TOUGH. ***C'MON***, MAXIE.

YOU MUST THINK I'M **STUPID** OR SOMETHING!

WHAT CAN I **SAY**, MAX? YOU GOT ME **PEGGED**. I THINK YOU **ARE** STUPID... OR SOMETHING.

FZZ

BAM!..

AND THAT "SOMETHING" IS **GUTLESS**. NO MORE **GAMES**, MAX. FRY ME HERE, OR ELSE PROVE YOU CAN FIGHT LIKE A **REAL** MAN FIGHTS.

DOWN AND DIRTY, BUSTED KNUCKLES, KNEES IN THE **GUT**. OR MAYBE IT'S LIKE WHAT **YOU** SAID TO **ME**...

MAYBE YOU JUST DON'T GOT THE **JUICE**.

OUTSIDE...

IDIOT. IDIOT. **IDIOT!**

WALKING IN THERE, TAKING ON THAT HIGH-VOLTAGE LUNATIC. HE DESERVES WHAT HE GETS.

I HOPE HE'S **OKAY**.

CAN'T JUST STAND AROUND HERE. GOTTA SEE IF THERE'S SOME WAY AROUND THOSE POLICEMEN.

I'M WITH STUPI

SKIP? WHERE **ARE** YOU?

UH-OH. BETTER DUCK AROUND H--

I'M WITH STUPI

SHOULDN'T YOU BE IN **SCHOOL?**

AND..

OH, I **GOT** THE JUICE ALL RIGHT!

AND **YOU'RE** GONNA **GET** IT!

KAPOW!

GUST OF **WIND** KNOCKED ME DOWN. SORRY. WHERE WERE WE?

YOU'RE NOT EVEN *DODGING!*

BONK

DODGE, BLAST YOU! *FALL DOWN!* DO *SOME-THING!*

WHAM!

LADY, GET *BACK!*

SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!

THAT'S MY **SON!** PLEASE, IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, DON'T HURT HIM!

"AND THE CHILDREN SHALL SUFFER FOR THE SINS OF THE PARENTS."

HE'S ONLY A LITTLE BOY!

POL

GIMME SOMETHING TO DODGE AND MAYBE I--

--WILL!

WAM!

AWRIGHT.

OH, MAAAAAX...

MEANWHILE...

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN!

STAN, **LISTEN** TO ME. IT'S NOT TOO LATE. RELEASE THE BOY. IT DOES **NOT** HAVE TO GO DOWN LIKE THIS!

YOU DON'T **UNDERSTAND.** THIS IS THE ONLY WAY. THE SIN-EATER **HAS** TO HAVE HIS MOMENT.

HE WON'T BE QUIET UNTIL HE HAS IT. SO I HAVE TO **G-GIVE** IT TO HIM.

WHILE...

I MUSTA BEEN *CRAZY* TO PLAY IT YOUR WAY! IT DOESN'T MATTER *HOW* YOU'RE BEATEN...

...AS LONG AS YOU *ARE!*

FUNNY, THAT'S *JUST* WHAT I WAS THINKING ABOUT *YOU.*

KRABLAM

GIVE IT *UP,* SPIDER-MAN! I CAN STILL SEVER THE ELECTRICAL BONDING THAT LETS YOU CRAWL WALLS. AND NOW I'LL ELECTRIFY THE ENTIRE *BUILDING!* YOU *CAN'T* ESCAPE!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I *WANT* TO ESCAPE? ESPECIALLY WITH THESE INSULATED PIPES THAT *WON'T* CONDUCT YOUR WATTAGE.

AND SO *WHAT* IF YOU CAN STOP ME FROM STICKING? I'M NOT A ONE-TRICK PONY LIKE *SOME* GUYS I KNOW.

THWIP

THWIP

YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME WITH *THAT* PUNY MOVE?

FRAZZLE

NO, BUT MAYBE WITH *THIS* PUNY MOVE.

DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS A *WATER* PIPE, DID'JA?

KRUNCH

HEY, *MAX!* WATCH OUT *BEHIND* YOU! THERE'S A BIG GLOB OF *WEBBING* ON THE FLOOR.

SPLOOSH!

YOU THINK I'LL TURN AROUND TO *LOOK,* YOU IDIOT?! THAT'S THE OLDEST--

HUH?

LIGHTS *OUT* ELECTRO.

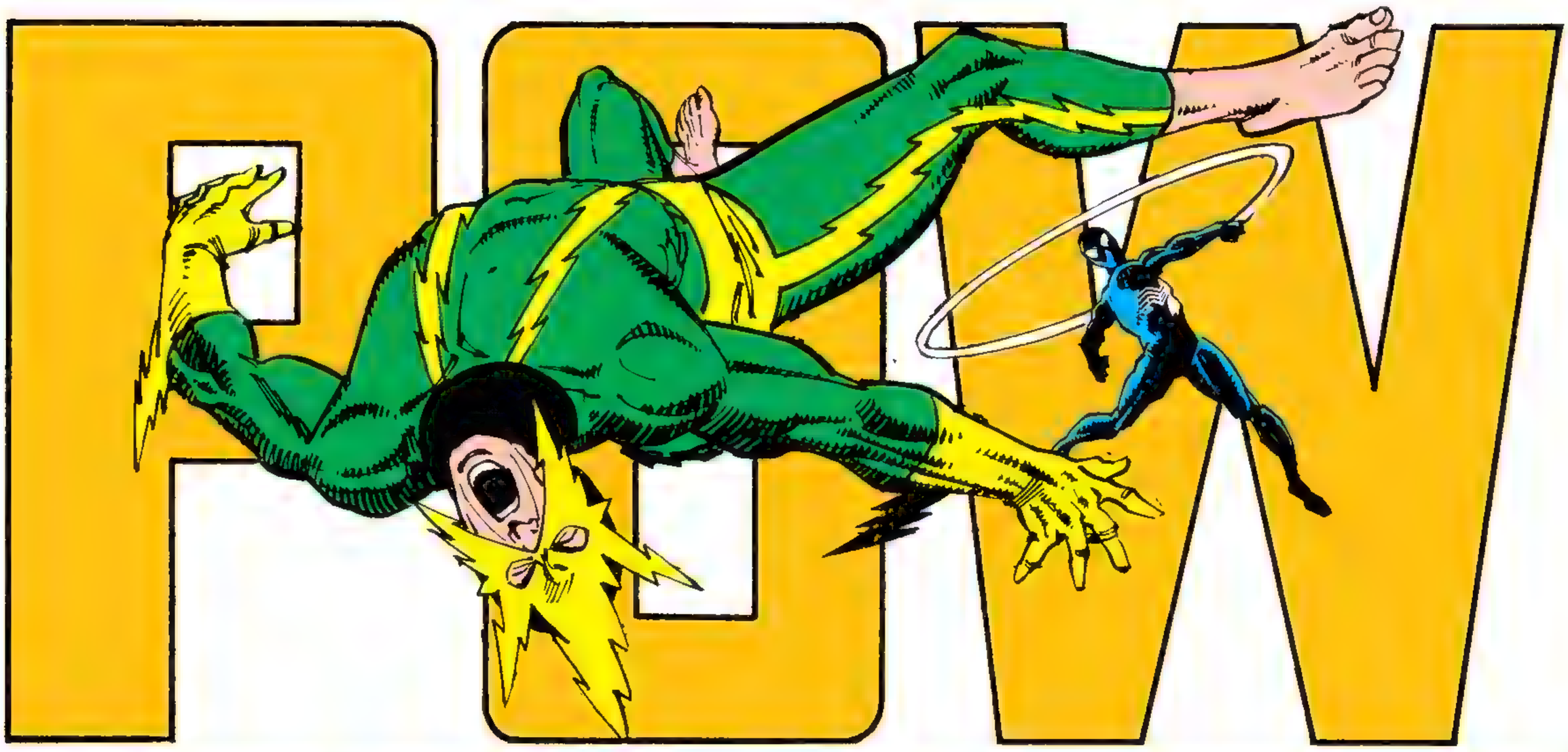
HOW'D YOU GET OVER--?!

WHILE OUTSIDE...

SIN-EATER THINKS HE CAN TAKE YOU. I THINK HE CAN'T.

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...

DIE, *SINNERS!*


BLAM
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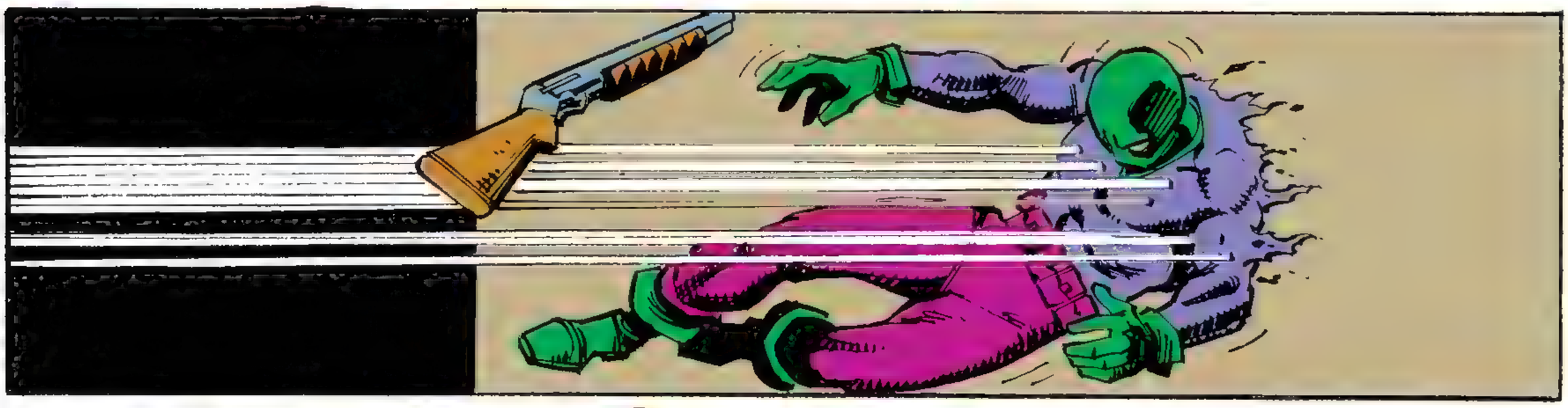

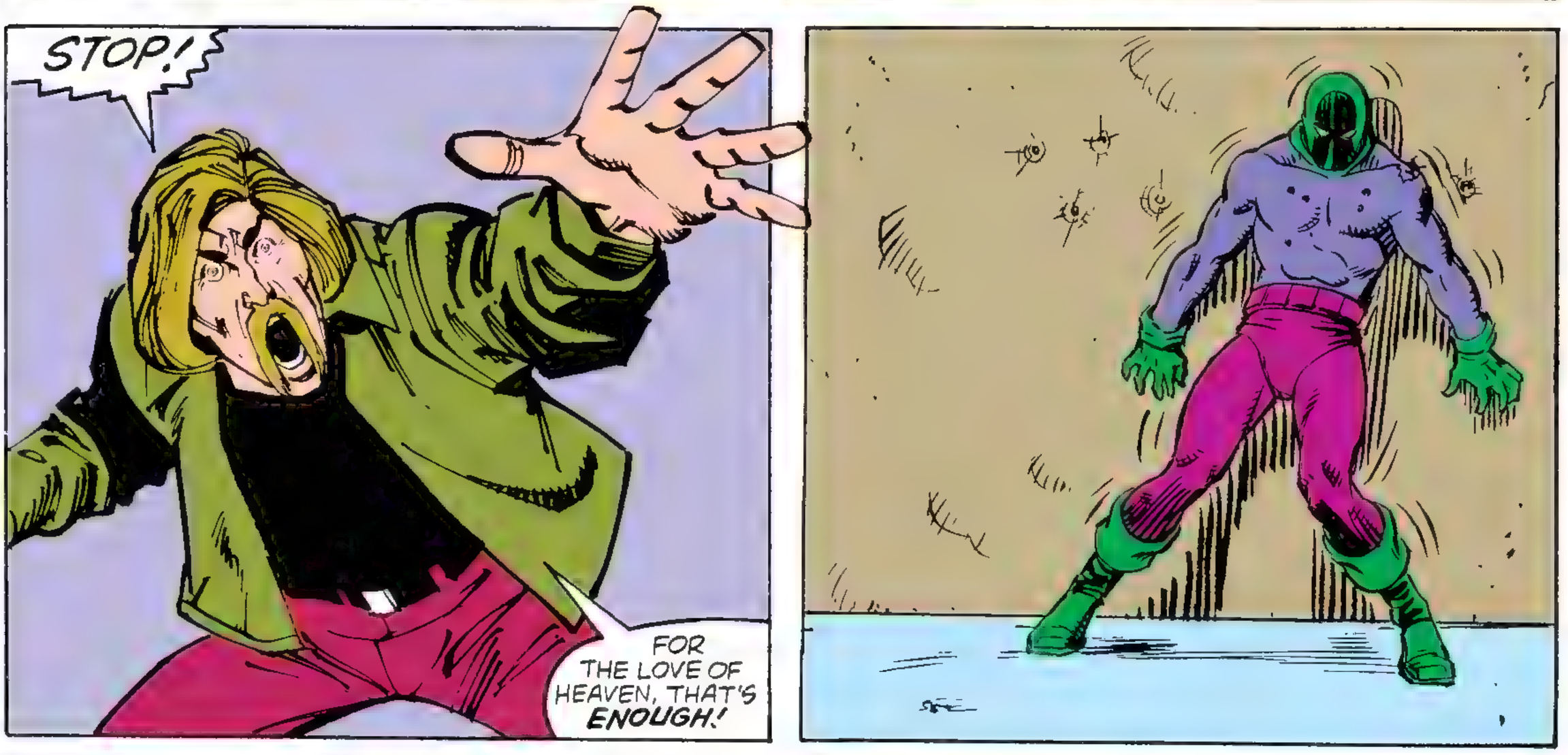
STOP!
FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN, THAT'S ENOUGH!

HOLD THE POPGUNS, TORK.

I GOT HIM DRENCHED, WRAPPED IN INSULATION AND WEBBED-UP. HE SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM.

OH, NO.

STAN!

CARTER, YOU FOOL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!!

STAN, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

I'VE... WON.

SIN-EATER'S... D-DEAD.

NOW I CAN LIVE...

HE WAS SO FAR GONE... HE THOUGHT SIN-EATER AND HE WERE TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

IN THAT CASE...

CARTER HAD THE LAST LAUGH.

HE NEVER LOADED SIN-EATER'S GUN.

NEXT

DON'T MISS THE PULSATING RETURN OF ONE OF SPIDER-MAN'S **DEADLIEST** FOES--

THE TARANTULA!!

BE THERE!

THE RAGES OF SIN!

He's the Sin-Eater, the man who takes the world's sins for himself by killing every sinner he sees — but he bites off more than he can chew when he robs Spider-Man of a dear friend! How can the hero track down a villain with targets everywhere he goes? Join the wall-crawler for a frantic search culminating in a pivotal moment between Spidey and Daredevil, Manhattan's two biggest solo stars!

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